

The Sketch

No. 1101.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



TU - TU SWEET FOR ANYTHING! MR ROBERT HALE AS THE AMAZING EQUESTRIENNE IN "KEEP SMILING,"
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"Keep Smiling," the Alhambra revue, has acted up to its name for a long time, and, lest any of the smiles should come off, several new features have recently been introduced into it. Among these is an amusing skit called "The Wonder Zoo and

Tudor Circus," in which Mr. Robert Hale figures as an amazing equestrienne. With him is an aged moke on whose back he pirouettes, and which, it is said, confesses to having passed its forty-first birthday.

FANCY - DRESS COMPETITION : SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to the fact that we are offering a costume to the value of £10, and a purple, green, red, yellow, or any other colour wig to the value of £5, to the first prize-winner and the second prize-winner respectively of the competition we announce on page 266. Our object is to find out who has designed or worn the most original fancy-dress. You have no time to lose, as photographs must reach us before March 11th next. Again, we would say, read carefully the announcement on page 266.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

One Small Voice.

After artists, authors are the most modest and retiring men in the world. Ignorant people who would not dare to criticise a painting or a musical composition think nothing of telling an author how he should have written his latest book. The amazing impertinence of the thing never seems to occur to them. They do not preface their remarks with any sort of apology. They do not say, "I know I'm a frightful ass, and know nothing whatever about these matters; but I should like to say, if you don't mind, that your latest book would have been very much better if the sexton had married the cook instead of breaking his neck by falling into the well." Oh, dear, no! They say, "My dear chap, believe me, it was the greatest mistake in the world to let the sexton fall into the well and break his neck. People don't want that sort of thing."

The author should reply, "And I don't want the sort of reader that you appear to be"—or something quick and vulgar of that sort. But authors don't reply in that way, chiefly because they hate vulgarity in all forms and refuse to use it even as a weapon of self-defence against the vulgar person who considers himself a critic.

Still, somebody must stick up for the authors, and as it is one of my missions in life, it seems, to do things that nobody else will venture to do, I shall raise my small voice every now and again on behalf of my down-trodden brothers of the pen.

Who Saves the Theatre?

The person against whom the authors must be defended to-day is Sir Herbert Tree. Speaking at the annual meeting of the Actors' Association, Sir Herbert is reported to have "alluded to the appointment of Mr. Benjamin Webster to share with him the representation of the Actors' Association on the Committee of the National Memorial Theatre, and observed that it was right that the Association should be duly represented, if and when the National Theatre came to fruition. It was only from them—the actors—that the institution would find salvation. One of the most tragic things he knew was the failure of the Millionaires' Theatre in New York. That showed that they could not run a theatre by calling gold into it. It was the artists who must prevail in this country—thank God!"

Which brings us back to the old, old question—Is the actor of more importance in the theatre than the author? I hold that the most important person in the theatre is the author. Good parts make good acting, but good acting never yet saved a bad play. The author can do without the actors and without the theatre at all, because he can turn his play into a novel, but where are the actors without the author? Go to the first rehearsal of any play and you will see the thing illustrated in a remarkable manner. The players are assembled upon the stage, helpless and inert. They are clever, experienced players, but they can do nothing until the parts are handed to them. Directly they get their parts, they become brilliant wits. They know at once what they will do with such-and-such a line. As for the author, once he has handed over the scrip, he becomes a nobody. He may go to Hull for all anybody cares.

The Actor and the Public.

Of late years, dramatists have gradually begun to be recognised as living people who have—or have had—something to do with their own plays. The public is just beginning to realise that the actors and actresses do not invent for themselves all the clever things that fall from their lips. The public, having read a few printed plays, is just tumbling to the fact that, before a play is produced in a theatre, one man sits down all by himself in a quiet room, and actually invents the story of the play, brings the characters into being, thinks out all the situations that are to show off the actor as a

brilliantly witty or a strikingly dramatic fellow, and writes every word that the actor is to speak.

A small portion of the public, I say, have tumbled to this, but the vast majority still think—and this is no exaggeration—that Sir Herbert Tree wrote "The Darling of the Gods," for instance, and a good many of the plays that are somehow associated with the name of Shakespeare.

Authors pretend to stand by each other, but they seldom do. And so it comes about that actors can speak with something like derision of the author—when once he has written his play and handed it over to their—shall I say tender?—mercies.

Cherish Your Foes.

Mr. Filson Young, writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the arrival in this country of the South African agitators, said: "Should we not make some return? Would it not be possible to make up a bouquet from some of our own perennial blooms, and despatch it, with our compliments, to South Africa? We can all name them in our hearts."

I suppose we could. I suppose most people, private or public, could compile a little list of those whom they would like to deport. But would they be any better for having deported their enemies? Would they be any happier? Would they be any more prosperous?

It seems a delightfully easy way of dealing with people you do not happen to like, but I suggest that life without enemies would be but a tame affair. It is good for us to have enemies. They put us on our mettle; they bring us out into the open—at least, they do if they are worthy to be dignified by the name of enemies—and brace us up for yet another fight.

The really difficult thing is to get your enemy into the open. It is so difficult to make a really good enemy. The crawling wasp is easy to kill, but he is not half such fun to kill as the wasp that darts to and fro about your head. We should pick our enemies, therefore, with extreme care. Having selected them, we should keep them busy. If they refuse to be kept busy, then tread on them, as you tread on a drone, and get a nice new set. Nothing like a healthy fight to clear the air.

"Better than S. Hicks."

I have received some very quaint letters lately in connection with a little theatrical enterprise in which I am interested. One lady writes to say that she is very fond of music, and extremely anxious to become an operatic star. Will I kindly inform her whether she can obtain tuition of this sort at a repertory theatre?

Another lady writes, from a distant part of England, to tell me that she has two daughters, both extremely clever, who are anxious to become professional actresses.

"I should wish my girls," she states definitely, "to take their places upon the professional stage without any preliminary training, and it would be much more convenient if they could receive salaries from the outset, as they could then live comfortably with their friends in London."

"They are both brilliant actresses, but the elder of the two is undoubtedly a great genius. She recently took the part of Scrooge in some amateur theatricals, and all our friends agreed that she was quite as good in the part as S. Hicks—indeed, some of them said that she was better."

I cannot imagine any finer test for a young actress than to play the part of Scrooge, and if she can play it in the manner of "S. Hicks," and beat that gentleman at his own game, I do not see why her mother should take the trouble to write to such a humble individual as myself. I am quite sure that Mr. Seymour Hicks would be only too delighted to discover such an able understudy.

COUNTESS AND FUTURIST: A PATRON OF THE NEW DÉCOR.



THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA, WHO HAS HAD HER DINING - ROOM DECORATED IN FUTURIST MANNER

The Countess of Drogheda can now chat learnedly about Futurism, and has carried her devotion to art in its newest form to such a practical end that she has had her dining-room, at Wilton Crescent, decorated in the Futurist manner by Mr. Wyndham Lewis,

who is nothing if not a devoted disciple of Signor Marinetti and his followers. Lady Drogheda, who married the tenth Earl in 1909, was Miss Kathleen Pelham Burn, and is the daughter of Mr. Charles M. Pelham Burn, of Prestonfield, Midlothian.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



M. NIJINSKY—FOR THE FACT THAT HIS SUCCESS AND SALARY HAVE GROWN BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

M. Nijinsky, the famous Russian dancer, has returned to London, and arranged to begin a season of ballet at the Palace Theatre this week. It is said that his salary is to be £1000 a week.—Mr. Huntly Jenkins has twice been selected by young women, charged with theft, who were allowed to choose one of the barristers in court to defend them. One of them said she picked him out because he had such nice eyes and looked so kind when he smiled. "My man was just sweet," she said.—Princess Sudhira of Cooch Behar, sister of the Maharajah, is engaged



MR. HUNTLY JENKINS—FOR BEING "JUST SWEET," HAVING "SUCH NICE EYES," AND "LOOKING SO KIND."



PRINCESS SUDHIRA OF COOCH BEHAR—FOR NOT LETTING HER SISTER MONO-POLISE EVERY MAN(DER).



SIR DOUGLAS HAIG—FOR PRESIDING OVER THE HAIG CONFERENCE—ON HURLINGHAM POLO.



THE BISHOP OF OXFORD—FOR MAKING IT CLEAR AS KENSINGTON GORE THAT WIVES NEED NOT "OBEY."

to Mr. Alan J. Mander. Her sister, Princess Pretiva, not long ago married his brother, Mr. Lionel H. Mander.—Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot, has been made Chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Committee. He recently became an Aide-de-Camp-General to the King.—Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Oxford, has made researches in liturgical history regarding the use of the word "obey" in the marriage service. He finds that, except in England and in the English service, it never appeared until the fourteenth century.

Photographs by Dover Street Studios, Photopress, Rita Martin, Elliott and Fry, and Whitlock.



MR. A. M. BENNETT—FOR "WINNING THE TOSS" AND TAKING THE PANCAKE AT A HISTORIC DOUGH-SCRAMBLE.

The annual ceremony of tossing the pancake took place at Westminster School on Shrove Tuesday. Seventeen competitors scrambled for it for two minutes. It



Mlle. GUERLOT—FOR BEING ABLE TO MAKE A GOOD MODEL AS WELL AS TO MAKE A MODEL REINE DES REINES.

was secured by Mr. A. M. Bennett.—At the Paris Carnival on Shrove Tuesday (Mardi Gras) this year's Queen of Queens was Mlle. Guerlot, a pretty dressmaker.

Photographs by Topical and Record Press.



MR. LAURI WYLIE—FOR TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK AND PRODUCING "A YEAR IN AN HOUR."

Mr. Lauri Wylie also produced and designed the living marionette scene, "Should a Woman Keep it Dark?" in "Nuts and Wine" at the Empire, illustrated in *The Sketch* of January 21.—Mr. Arnold Bennett is reported to have described baseball, as "mighty, beautiful, grand" and "entirely worthy of its reputation."



MR. ARNOLD BENNETT—FOR PITCHING HIS EULOGY OF AMERICAN BASEBALL IN A SOMEWHAT HIGH-(BALL) KEY.



MR. SAM SOTHERN—FOR HAVING A CLOSE SHAVE AND CHEERING THE HEART OF MR. FRANK RICHARDSON.



SIR WILLIAM BENNETT—FOR AMPUTATING TWO FEATURES OF MARRIAGE MORE PROMINENT THAN OBEDIENCE.

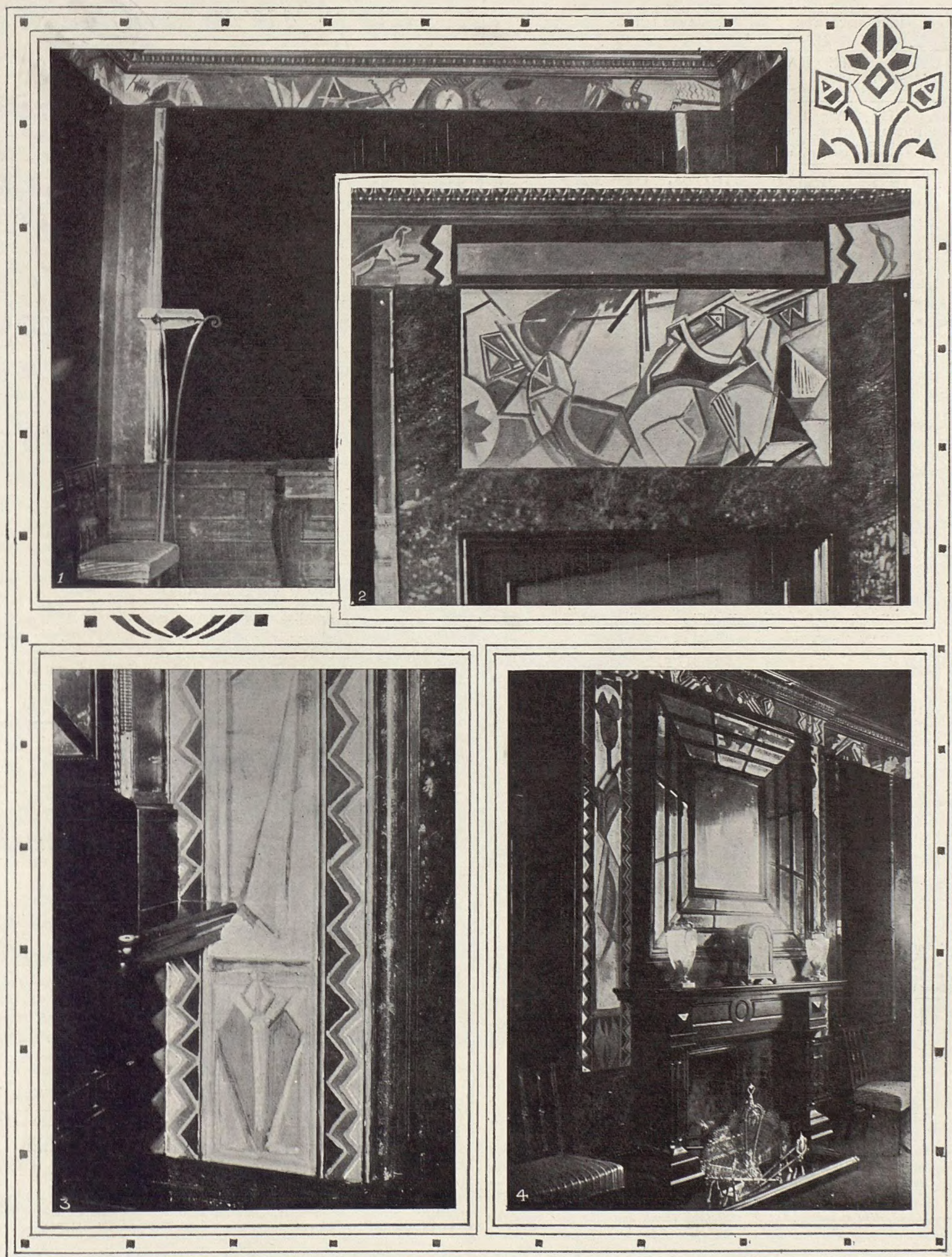


MR. GEORGE W. CURRIE, M.P.—FOR NOT HAVING OCCASION TO AVOID THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS A LE(1)THAL CHAMBER.

Mr. Sam Sothern, who is appearing as Sam Thornhill in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" at the Criterion, has shaved off his moustache.—At their wedding, Sir William Bennett (the eminent surgeon) and his bride dispensed with presents and honeymoon.—In the Leith election, Mr. G. W. Currie gained the seat for the Unionists.

Photographs by Goodyer Studio, Craig Annan, Wrather and Buys, Lafayette, and Elliott and Fry.

LADY DROGHEDA'S FUTURIST DINING-ROOM: DECORATIONS.



1. MULTI-COLOURED FUTURIST FRIEZE; REDDISH-BROWN PANELLING;
A "BOWL OF FIRE" LIGHT.

3. A FUTURIST BORDER TO THE MANTELPIECE.

2. THE FUTURIST PICTURE AND FRIEZE OVER THE DOOR.

4. THE FUTURIST FIREPLACE; WITH BLACK-BEADED GLASS, COLOURED
FUTURISTIC PANELS, AND TWO RED-GLASS VASES LIGHTED INSIDE.

As we note under our page portrait of the Countess, Lady Drogheda has had her dining-room at 40, Wilton Crescent decorated in the Futurist manner by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. These photographs were taken by special permission.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch."

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is to send us a Photograph of Yourself in Fancy-dress, with a description of
the Costume and your name and address upon it. Photographs must reach
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and the Editor retains the right to publish any photographs sent in. Envelopes
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Secrets of the Tango. S. B. Chester. 6d. net.
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Noted Murder Mysteries. Philip Curtin. 7s. 6d.
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Tolstoy. Edward Garnett. 1s. net. (Constable.)
The Quakers Past and Present. Dorothy M.
Richardson. 1s. net. (Constable.)
The Misfortune of Being Clever. A. S.
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The Romance of Fraud. Tighe Hopkins. 7s. 6d.
(Chapman and Hall.)
Man, Other Poems, and a Preface. Marie C.
Stopes. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Lloyd George and the Land. G. E. Raine. 1s.
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(Ward, Lock.)
The Gold Trial. Harold Bindloss. 7d. net.
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TRAMS IN JERUSALEM: THE SIGHT-SEER'S BEST VEHICLE: NIGHT LIFE IN BERLIN AND LONDON.

Old Capitals Made New.

All the old capitals of past civilisations are being renovated and cleaned up. Constantinople is laying its drains, having killed its dogs, which were the scavengers for so many hundreds of years. A new Delhi is some day going to rise within sight of the old capital of the Moguls; but India finds that its purse is not deep enough to build as quickly as it would wish, and the new Delhi will be a long time in the building—if, indeed, it is ever built at all, for a new Viceroy and a new Secretary of State for India may quite possibly have different ideas on the matter from those held by Lord Hardinge and Lord Crewe.

An Up-to-Date Jerusalem.

Jerusalem itself, the most revered city throughout the Christian world (and a city which Mohammedans also hold to be sacred—for

Mohammedanism accepts all the sacred personages of our religion as saints, though it puts Mohammed in the first place) is to be made clean, her hovels swept away, good water brought into the town, and gardens made where the city walls now are.

The Civilising Tramway.

If railways bring civilisation into savage countries, tramways certainly bring cleanliness into dirty towns. The workers, who for countless generations have huddled together in filthy dens cooped up within the walls of an old town (for no man, in the days when banditti roamed everywhere outside arrow-shot from the towers of a mediæval town, dared to be outside its gates at night), now, by the aid of the tramways, can live in the country in houses the rent of which is cheap, and can come in to their work in the early morning by the tramcars. What the bicycle has done for English and French workmen, the tramcar is doing for the Near East and the Far East, where the roads are not good enough for cycling. In India, in China, in Africa, and in South America the tramways are great civilising influences as well as money-making undertakings.

The Jerusalem Tramways.

Four tramway routes are to be laid down, all starting from the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem. One of the lines is to run through the great business quarter outside Jerusalem, another line is to run through the new Jewish quarter beyond the walls, and the other two tram-lines will be the tourist lines. One of them is to run the six miles out to Bethlehem, and will pass many of the holy places which lie outside the city—wells and tombs and convents; and the fourth is to circle the old city, with halting-places at Gordon's Calvary—which is held by many scholars to have been the scene of the Crucifixion—the Tomb of the Kings, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Mount of Olives. The existence of these tramways will make Jerusalem a far cheaper place for sight-seeing than it has been until now.

Sight-Seeing by Tramway.

One of the things I have learned in much travelling all over the globe is to pay no attention to the civil young gentleman in the office of the hotel or to the hall-porter who, when telling one of the places of interest that should be visited, gives the carriage-fare to each. One of the first things I do on arrival at any city is to find out what tramways run through the city and to its surroundings, and I generally pay pence instead of pounds to get to the places I wish to see by travelling in tramcars instead of motor-cars or carriages. I have been through all the outskirts of Paris in this manner, and have learned more about the beautiful places in the hills near Rome by taking the tramway-trains out to them than I ever did when I was haughty and used to spend my money in drives. In the European countries I never find in the tramcars any fellow-passengers to

whose presence there is any objection on the score of uncleanness; and by travelling in this way one sees the people of the country and many of the comedies of humbler life that one misses travelling in a more luxurious style. I do not think, however, that I should care to be amongst all-comers in an Indian or Chinese tramcar on a hot summer's day.

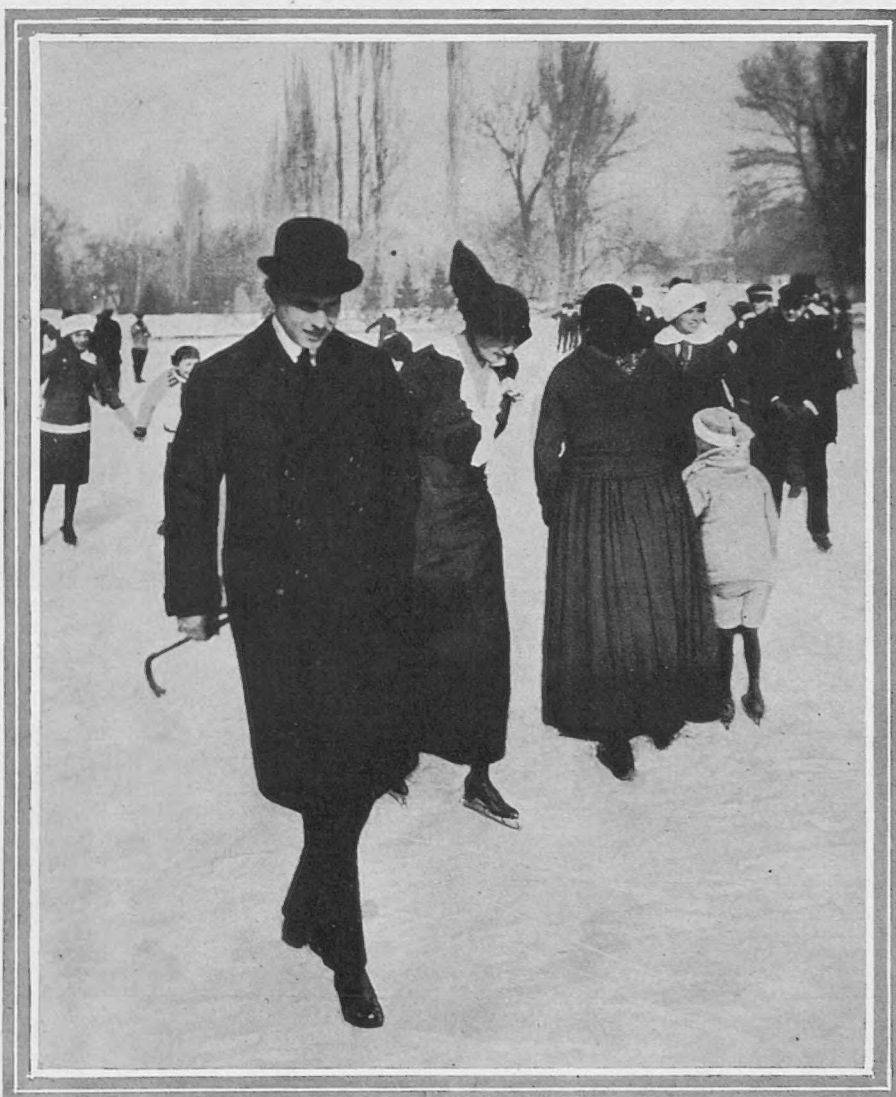
David's Tower

Though the walls of Jerusalem are to fall almost expeditiously as did those of Jericho, some of the chief landmarks of the old fortifications are to remain, one of these being the Tower of David, which is to be turned into a museum. From the Brook of Cherith and the springs in its valley water is to be collected in a reservoir, and will be laid on to the old city of Solomon as though it were the modern builders' town. A water-cart already parades the streets of Jerusalem, to the great joy of the small Arab boys, who follow the custom of London urchins in considering it a shower-bath imported for their special use.

Berlin and London.

The Prussian Diet has discussed very seriously and at length the matter of night life in Berlin, and the evil effects that the dancing-houses and all the night restaurants are having on

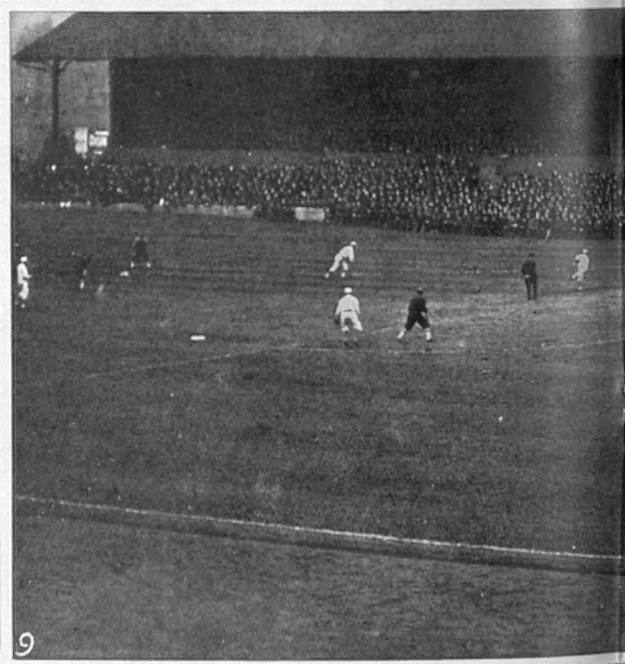
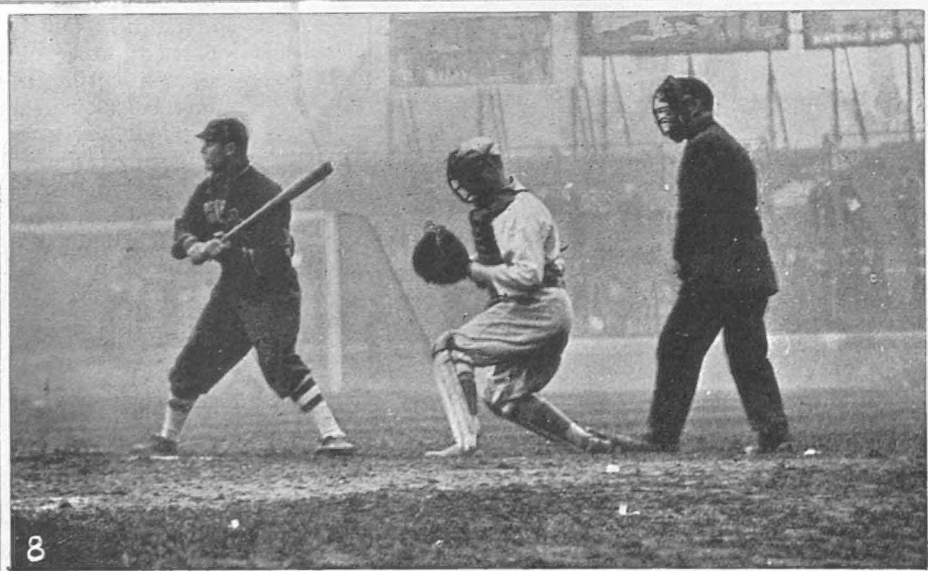
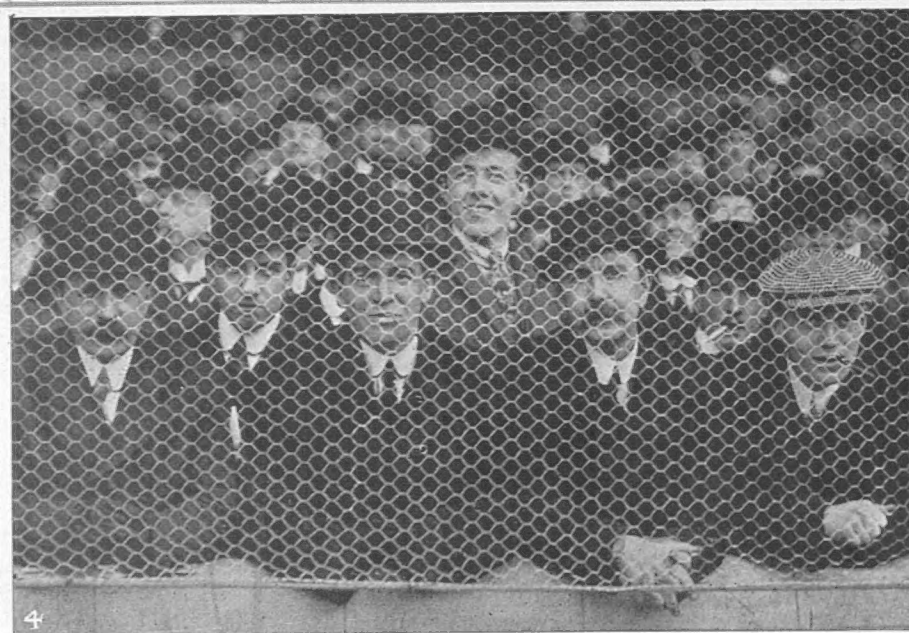
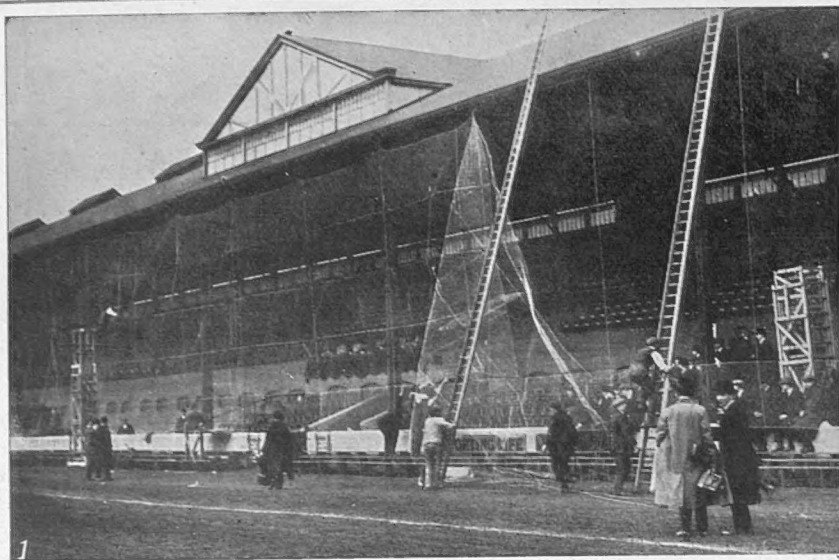
the youth of the Prussian capital. The representatives of the farming and landed classes were very urgent that temptations of this kind should be removed from their young men when they came to Berlin to earn a livelihood. The example of London and its early closing hours was held up to Berlin for imitation, the worthy Prussian Senators apparently not having heard that London just now is protesting that it cannot sup in the restaurants at its ease after the theatres because the lights are extinguished before supper has been served, and that the increase in the number of night clubs is owing to the harassing restrictions put on the places where the public sups.



ENGAGED BY REPORT: THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA ON THE ICE TOGETHER AT BUCHAREST.

According to a statement made in several quarters, a marriage has been arranged between the Crown Prince of Greece and Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, and it is said that the formal betrothal will take place at Athens on May 6. Prince George was born in July 1890; is a Lieutenant in the Greek infantry (on leave), and is à la suite of the 1st Regiment of Prussian Footguards. Princess Elizabeth, who was born in September 1894, is the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Roumania, and a grand-niece of the King of Roumania.—[Photograph by H. Ghinsberg.]

WILL IT EVER RIVAL OR OUST CRICKET IN THIS COUNTRY?

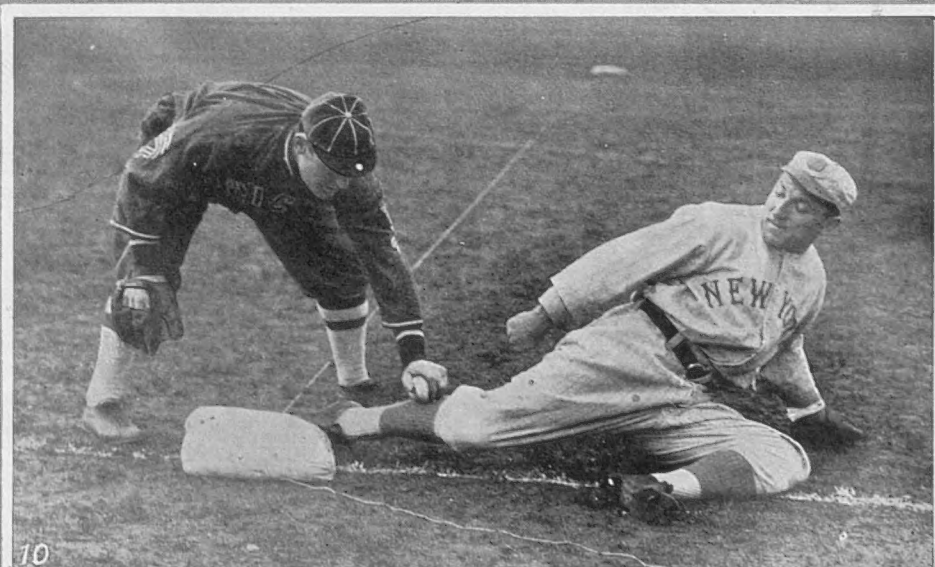
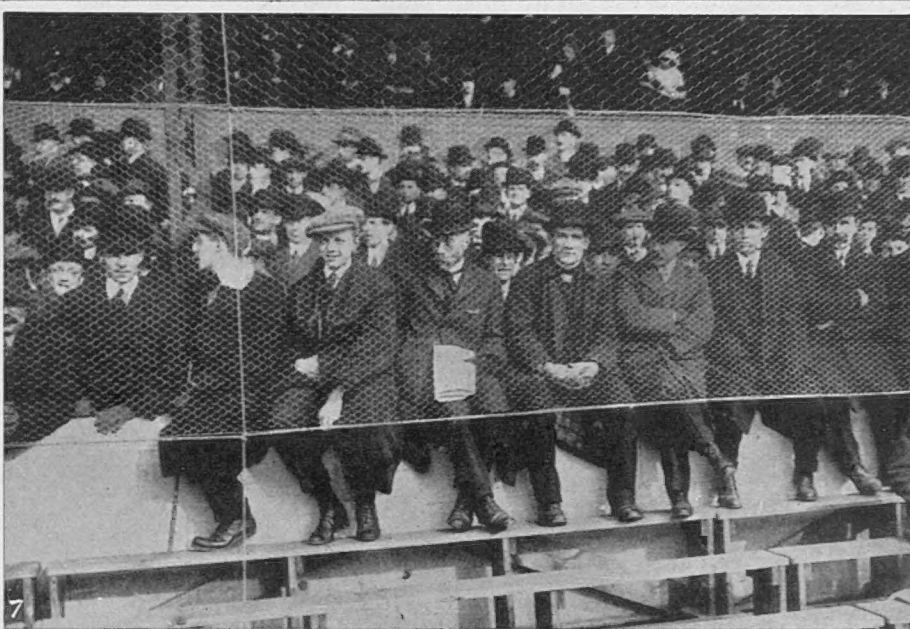
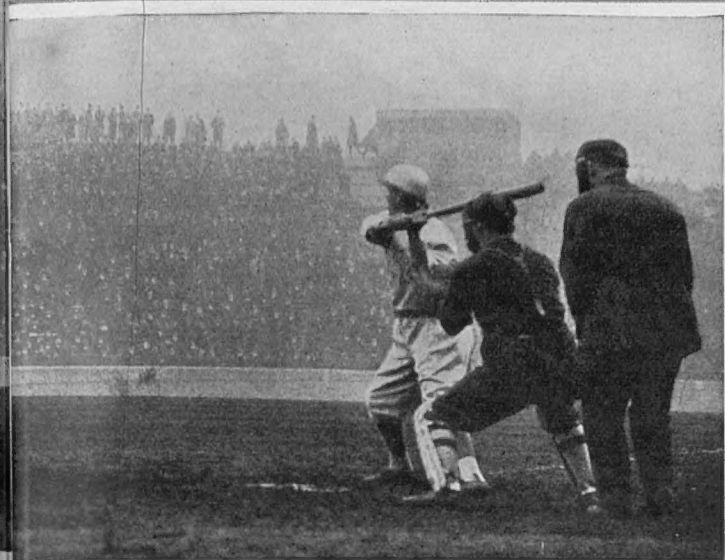


1. PROTECTING THE ROYAL BOX AND SEATS IN THE GRAND STAND, THAT SPECTATORS MIGHT RUN NO RISK FROM THE BALL: ERECTING THE WIRE-NETTING AT CHELSEA.
2. THE BALL-GAME BETWEEN THE NEW YORK GIANTS AND THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING: THE GAME IN PROGRESS.

3. WITH SOME OF THE SPECTATORS ALREADY BEHIND THE PROTECTING WIRE NETTING: MEMBERS OF THE BASEBALL TEAMS PRACTISING BEFORE THE GAME.
4. IN NO DANGER FROM THE BALL MOVING AT EXPRESS SPEED: SPECTATORS BEHIND WIRE-NETTING.

Some 20,000 spectators, headed by the King, who was in the company of the United States Ambassador, witnessed baseball between the Giants, of New York, and the White Sox, of Chicago, at Chelsea last week. To those unfamiliar with what should be called not a baseball match but a ball-game, the remarkable fielding was the chief attraction. Another curious feature of the play is the work of the so-called "coach," who prances about the boundary-line "barracking" for his own side, and endeavouring by gibes given at the psychological moment to disturb their opponents. His chief endeavour is to "steal the striker's goat"; that is to say, his nerve, just as he is about to strike. The spectators are protected by wire-netting; for a ball coming among them by accident might cause

BASEBALL, A GAME WHICH IS IN NO NEED OF BRIGHTENING!



5. A PITCHER IMMEDIATELY AFTER PITCHING.

6. A BATSMAN IMMEDIATELY AFTER STRIKING.

7. IN NO DANGER FROM THE BALL, EVEN WHEN IT IS MOVING AT EXPRESS SPEED: SPECTATORS BEHIND WIRE-NETTING AT THE BALL-GAME AT CHELSEA.

8. SHOWING THE ARMOUR OF THE CATCHER BEHIND THE BATSMAN AND THE UMPIRE: A BATSMAN AWAITING THE BALL.

9. THE GAME IN PROGRESS: NEW YORK GIANTS VERSUS CHICAGO WHITE SOX.

10. DURING THE GAME: LOBERT, OF THE GIANTS, SLIDING INTO THIRD.

serious damage. Baseball, it need scarcely be said, is the national game of the United States, and is akin to the old English game of rounders. The "Daily Mail" quotes an amusing description of the game written by Mr. Joseph C. Farrell, correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune." Here are some extracts: "In third inning Wingo's pop up was easy for Crawford. One out. Faber dented the London fog three times. In the Sox half Faber's error gave Evans a life and he rested on first. Merkle failed to cover first and Bliss's slobber went for a single. . . . In seventh inning, Faber was out by Egan's throw to Daly. One out. Donlin cracked a double to left. Weaver cannon-balled Magee at first. The spasm ended by Lobert monoplaneing to Daly. Three out. No runs. . . ."



A CIRCULAR TOUR AT THE GAIETY: ROUND THE CONTINENT "AFTER THE GIRL."

More Girls at the Gaiety.

"After the Girl" is after a great many girls at the Gaiety Theatre—some of them very attractive. It is described as a "revusical comedy," and this reminds me of the famous definition of the crab as a fish that walks backwards. For "revusical" seems to me to mean nothing at all, and the word "comedy" is as inappropriate as any other word in our language. "Revusical," I suppose, is intended to hint to us that Mr. Paul Rubens's piece has very little plot, and in strict confidence I may tell you that one or two of us—I should not like to say more than two—could have guessed this without the help of the author. Really, I suppose it is a sign-post, and we ought to be grateful. Very often at the Gaiety we have taken a lot of trouble about the plot, and so, too, has the author. The outcome of his labours has been something complicated, but not lucid. We have bent our great minds to the task of understanding it, with the aid of pencils and our cuffs and premature wrinklings of our marble brows; by 9.30 p.m. we have discovered all about the relations of the parties to one another, past and present and concerning their immediate circumstances—in a word, a much simpler one, we have got hold of the plot and have gone out rejoicing. On returning, we find that it has been a case of critics' labour lost, for the plot has been chucked overboard, and the players are merely doing songs and dances and funniments without any regard to it until the last two or three minutes, when it is fished up, unravelled in a perfunctory, unsatisfactory fashion, and put away for the next performance. Alas, poor plot! Mr. Rubens is artful: he wishes to win our affections by saving us from this needless travail, and I thank him. A pity that the scheme is not carried a little further. Most of the dialogue might be omitted as well as the plot, and then we could be allowed to talk to one another between the numbers, and have permission to smoke in the auditorium, and drink as well. The magistrates might forbid the drinking, yet drinking rather seems to be the function of the "Beak." This would not worry me. I am not a rabid teetotaler. If I get my three whiskies-and-soda a day, and two-thirds of a bottle of Burgundy and a liqueur after dinner, and some extras on Saturday and Sunday, I don't ask for drink—in fact, I consider myself, practically speaking, a "blue-ribbon," but I should like the permission to smoke and talk between the songs and dances and special funniments.

The Runaway Girl.

However, it is time to consider "the Girl." And a very nice girl too. Without alleging that I am prepared to follow Miss Isobel Elsom all round the world, I say with confidence that she is a charming young person. She and a certain young man became acquainted at

a railway-station in Paris—beastly places those Paris railway-stations: draughty holes, with impudent porters, and sandwiches even more inedible than ours, and *octroi* departments that excite Englishmen to thoughts of blood, and the *douane*—well! Oh, my sacred hat—the Gibus lately condemned by my family—what fun we shall have when the Tariff Reformers come in, and it takes longer to get from one end of Dover Station to the other than from Paris to Douvres or Folkestone to London, and two-thirds of the British nation revives ancient tradition and begins smuggling seriously. In consequence of this meeting and mamma's disapproval of casual adventures, the young lady left home and bolted round the Continent, and we had to follow her. Off we went to Amsterdam—strong stress on the last syllable on account of the jokes it leads to—and we see lots of jolly girls in quaint frocks, whom we have the good luck to meet a little later in Budapest. That's a place I want to visit, not on account of its famous—or otherwise—pretty girls, who, of course, would not attract me. I think it's on account of the fishing in the Danube, for I have long been fascinated by the thought of angling for the *wels*, for which you live-bait with a duck. Frightfully thrilling this, it seems—for the angler, to say nothing of the duck!

Home Again to London.

From Budapest to Berlin and home again to a swagger London hotel—I am not going to give the name, though it appears on the programme, for you see I should not get anything out of it. There the nice girl, which her name is Doris, is run to earth, and married and done for. A very nice girl too, though, partly on account of her youth—which I envy profoundly—Miss Elsom seemed to get a little tired at the end. But we did not get tired of her pretty singing and delightful dancing. Also she showed signs of a talent for acting, and represents very well the "young guard" that

takes the place of the Gaiety old guard. And so does Miss Mabel Sealby, a bright young soubrette; and Mr. Clifton Crawford—everybody said at once that he resembled Mr. Joseph Coyne, and so he does; but he has a singing voice and also a nice method of using it, and plenty of energy, so he promises to be most useful. There is Mr. Lew Hearn, an eccentric from the Hippodrome, a queer little man with an apparatus for making articulate noises that can't be called a voice—a strange droll who greatly entertained the house. Mr. William Stephens is fairly amusing in a Teddy Payne part, and will be better when he

tries to be himself and not his predecessor. A word for Miss Maggie Jarvis, charming in a small character, and volumes for the gorgeous mounting and handsome scenery, which delighted the audience. And, after all, I have almost forgotten to say that the music of Mr. Rubens is bright and tuneful.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



MR. CLAYTON AND FAY: MR. FREDERICK VOLPÉ AND MISS MURIEL HUDSON.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



"AFTER THE GIRL": MME. BONITA AS BIJOU, AND MR. LEW HEARN AS MR. PITT.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE "REVUSICAL" COMEDY.



THE PURSUIT OF DORIS: PEOPLE IN "AFTER THE GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

The new "revusical" comedy at the Gaiety, "After the Girl," has evidently caught on. As the epithet coined to describe it indicates, it is something between a musical comedy and a revue. The piece was written and composed by Mr. Paul A. Rubens, who, with Mr. Percy Greenbank, has also supplied the lyrics.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LORD AND LADY FITZWILLIAM.

LORD FITZWILLIAM is forty-two; a man of an active way of life with the look of a campaigner. He is not aggressively tanned, nor does he spoil his figure and annoy his tailor by wearing a gun at his hip, for he is a campaigner of the sprucer sort, moulded to the manner and fashion of Pall Mall. But spats, a black coat, and an umbrella do not suffice to banish a slight suggestion of khaki. You expect to see it at his cuffs, at any rate, and, failing it there, look for a Baden-Powell handkerchief, or a scout-knife on his watch-chain. The khaki is nowhere; but for all that his D.S.O. is written all over him.

The Real Sport. Horses, no less than South Africa and the Service, are in his look and gait. It may be seen at a glance that he must have a plentifully stocked stable somewhere in the country. Though he is reaching the age when medical advice has generally as much to do with a man's hunting as his own native inclination for the saddle, Lord Fitzwilliam does not go riding by prescription. The modern sportsman's note-book is too often cumbered with memoranda of the week's record on the weighing-machine at his club, of German cures, and Harley Street fees. The man with such a pocket-book gets on horseback with the conviction that "to be thoroughly shaken" in the saddle is the way to get an appetite for the Ritz, and a digestion that will tide him over till autumn and the waters at Salso-Maggiore or Contrexéville. A week-end at Wentworth Woodhouse is the best tonic for anybody out of humour with himself, his country, and fox-hunting.

Wentworth Woodhouse. The house itself has the reputation of being

the largest in the country and the most complete. From the ghost on the grand staircase to the latest arrival in the garage it answers all the requirements. In the States there is nothing in the way of a private dwelling-place quite so big as the Vatican, Blenheim, and Wentworth Woodhouse, and the American visitor marvels at the eighty bedrooms, the endless corridors, and the amount of walking necessary between bed and breakfast. It was an American who, in his candour, told his hostess on departing that the next time he came he would bring headgear sufficient to supply all the hat-racks. "One hat isn't good enough. If you leave it at one door, and want to go out at another, it means a stroll of a quarter of a mile to fetch it." Another story turning on its "vast and wandering proportions" is told of Baron von Liebig's precautions against loss within its walls. When retiring for the night, he provided himself with a box of wafers, and, dropping them along the corridors, thought he would find the trail in the morning. He did not count on the activities of fifty housemaids! Wentworth Woodhouse has done

entertaining quite in scale with its mere acreage. When, after the birth of four daughters, a son and heir arrived a few years ago, all Yorkshire was invited to partake of ox, roasted whole upon the lawn, and of other hospitality, dispensed by five hundred English waiters.

Whistlejacket!

Fitzwilliam hospitality is proverbial in the North Country. In that legend Mr. Horace Round can find no flaw, but as to the famous Norman scarf (used at the font) presented by William the Conqueror to an ancestor, the Round table of experts was in a ferment. Let them fight it out. Meantime, modern history is made at Wentworth Woodhouse. The greatest chamber in the whole mansion is called, not after any mythical achievement of the eleventh century, but after a famous racer. The Whistlejacket Room is Lord Fitzwilliam's good-humoured rejoinder to the notion that a great family must necessarily be forever commemorating its remote beginnings.



EARL FITZWILLIAM.

Ireland and Elsewhere.

For all its size, Wentworth Woodhouse is not big enough for its energetic owners. Both Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam spend certain portions of the year at Coollattin, where the soft Irish climate provides them with a new range of horticultural opportunities. They are both devoted to their gardens, and the Coollattin estate in particular bears many signs of personal care, both in its plantations of rare shrubs and its groups of pretty cottages. No Irish estate is better ordered, for the simple reason that it has been a principle of the family to spend the large rent-roll (the late Peer's was reckoned at £50,000 a year) on its improvement. Lord Fitzwilliam, for all his attention to his estate, has never allowed himself to grow cramped for want of change. Born in Canada, he has served in India, South Africa, the House of Commons, and as Lord Mayor of Sheffield. He has as many clubs—including Brooks's, the Turf, the Bachelors', and the Jockey—as he has cars; and his engineering exploits have brought him into touch with the working men of the city of steel. He has blasted with the best of them.

Tandem!

Love of adventure, says the world, took him to the Cocos Islands in search of buried-treasure adventure; and an encounter with other treasure-hunters, it has been said, got him a wound on the head. His own account has less of the sound of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the wound more the look of having come from a hurtling fragment of blasted rock than from a brigand's cutlass. Lady Fitzwilliam did not go to the Cocos Islands, but from the time when she and Lord Fitzwilliam spent part of their honeymoon on a tandem bicycle they have shared most of their interests and adventures. Like her husband, she is interested in racing; like him, she is an excellent shot and has an excellent seat. But her genius for acting is all her own.



COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

William Charles de Meuron Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, seventh Earl Fitzwilliam of a creation dating from 1716, was born in July 1872, and succeeded in 1902. He has been Lord Mayor of Sheffield, A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India (Lord Lansdowne), and M.P. for Wakefield. He served in South Africa in 1900, on the Headquarters Staff, was mentioned in despatches, and won a medal and the D.S.O. The marriage of Lord Fitzwilliam and Lady Maud Dundas, daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, took place in 1896. There are five children—one son and four daughters.—[Photographs by Vandyk and Thomson.]

IN THE CALM OF CANNES: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME.



1. WHERE MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN SITS EVERY AFTERNOON IN SUNNY CANNES: A VERANDAH OF THE FAMOUS POLITICIAN'S RIVIERA HOME, THE VILLA VICTORIA.
3. THE CANNES HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: THE ENTRANCE TO VILLA VICTORIA, RUE DE FRÉJUS.
5. SHOWING A PART OF THE DELIGHTFUL GARDEN: A VIEW OF THE VILLA VICTORIA.

2. THE VIEW UPON WHICH MR. CHAMBERLAIN LOOKS WHEN SITTING ON THE VERANDAH: THE ORANGE GARDEN AT THE VILLA VICTORIA; WITH THE AZURE MEDITERRANEAN AT ITS FOOT.
4. ON THE VERANDAH OF THE VILLA VICTORIA: MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
6. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S FAVOURITE ROOM: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE VILLA VICTORIA.

As all the world knows, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, that famous politician who has been M.P. for Birmingham West since 1885, announced on the eve of his departure

for the Riviera recently that he would retire from Parliament at the next General Election. He is here seen enjoying the calm of Cannes, at the Villa Victoria.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

FEBRUARY the 25th was very busy for Prince Alexander of Teck. On that day his appeal on behalf of the Middlesex Hospital went forth, from Henry III. Tower, Windsor Castle, to Portman Square, Cavendish Square, Bedford Square, and the surrounding district. It is an appeal based on the belief that local feeling should count for something in good works, and Prince Alexander is probably justified in putting his faith in the neighbourliness of the neighbourhood. Just as Belgravia gave to St. George's, so should the wealth that lies to the north of Oxford Street give to the Middlesex. Prince Alexander was too keenly interested in the appeal to care to hand his signature over to the lithographers and be done with it. He signed every letter himself, with the consequence that, though

his industry is rare, his autograph will always be a common one.

Fate and the Fête.

King Manuel is the least depressed of exiles, and Queen Augusta Victoria has not taken long to prove that she shares her husband's taste for the small pleasures of a suburban existence. While the Marquis de Soveral plays attendance on Queen Amélie at Covent Garden, and the stalls whisper platitudes about the instability of human affairs, King Manuel and his Queen prefer to seek the "pictures" in Richmond High Street, or smile over the some what alien and antiquated humour of the prints at a Dickens Fête. Nobody is quite persuaded that this couple, who have fought with roses on the Riviera, watched sunsets from the Pincio, and eaten ices in Egypt, find anything very festive in a Dickens Fête; but that they can go through such things with a gay manner is proof of a contented spirit. And when they manage to lunch in a favourite Soho restaurant without being recognised, they are really happy.

Hostess and Postereses.

The Post-Imps have had their fling. After an orgy of green hair and of costumes that take one back to the first exhibition of Van Goghs and Gauguins, there is a certain lapse of enthusiasm. At Mrs. George Keppel's dance the other night, all her guests, save one,

appeared, not as Post-Impressionists, but as Posters. The disease of Futurism has not yet spread to the hoardings, and most of the costumes were more or less intelligible. The blot on the evening, as one wit said, was the lady in a white dress with a large splodge of blue-black ink upon it—representing a familiar advertisement.

But another lady, to whom the hostess had forgotten to give the word about the costumes, and who therefore came in ordinary evening dress, was in the best of luck. Her beauty was never seen to greater advantage than in the midst of that motley throng of poster-materialisations.

Mr. Beerbohm, Poet. Max the Rhymer is the new scourge

of Society. His published caricatures are never very stinging; and the unpublished lie harmless in the portfolio, or at worst invest one single wall with indiscretions. But his satiric verses run the round of the dinner-tables. They are easily learned by heart (if that is the word for such heartless memorising), and there is no

stopping them. Last season a rhyming toast of his was famous; this season a drama in six lines, summing up the character and aspirations of three of London's leading ladies, is vastly popular—and not very kind. After eight o'clock there is only one Poet Laureate in Mayfair, and he has never published a book of poems.

Shops, Bishops, and Bi-Bishops.

Bishop Talbot, who has just joined the septuagenarians, when he was at Southwark used to complain of the confusions resulting from the existence of the Roman as well as the Anglican see of that name. Letters addressed merely to the Bishop of Southwark at Southwark had to be equally distributed between the King's man and the Pope's man—with some strange results. In Birmingham and elsewhere the same duplication has similar developments; and one afternoon saw an Anglican Bishop's wife in despair because the hat she was to have adorned at a garden-party had not arrived in time; while the Roman Bishop was even then bending in his celibate library over a box containing the wandering confection.



ENGAGED TO MR. FRANK JOY: MISS AMABEL ANDERSON.

Miss Anderson is the younger daughter of the Rev. David Anderson, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and formerly Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Joy, of Aysgarth School, Yorkshire, is the elder son of the late Mr. Douglas Joy, and of Mrs. Joy, of Froyle House, near Alton, Hants.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. CLAUD JOHN YORKE: MISS FAY A. ZARIFI.

Miss Zarifi is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Zarifi, of 38, Park Street, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Yorke is the third son of the late Lord Hardwicke and brother of the present Earl. He was born in 1872.

Photograph by Bee Belton.



WITH HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: THE QUEEN OF GREECE AND PRINCESS CATHARINE.

The Queen of Greece, who is, of course, a sister of the German Emperor, was formerly Princess Sophia of Prussia. She married the King of Greece (then Prince Constantine) in 1889, and has six children—three sons and three daughters. The youngest, Princess Catharine, was born on May 4, 1913.—[Photograph by Bohringer.]



ENGAGED TO SIR THOMAS THOMPSON: MISS MILLICENT TENNYSON-D'EYNCOURT.

Miss Millicent Tennyson-D'Eyncourt is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson-D'Eyncourt, of Bayons Manor, Tealby, Lincolnshire. Her father is the well-known Metropolitan Police Magistrate.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ENGAGED TO THE REV. H. R. WILKINSON: MISS ADINE BLANCHE STEWART.

Miss Stewart is the daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Alexander Stewart, and niece of the Earl of Galloway. Her mother, who is a daughter of the late Sir Robert Loder, married, as her second husband, Colonel Basil Lloyd-Anstruther. Mr. Wilkinson is Vicar of Stoke-by-Nayland, near Colchester.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MISS MILLICENT TENNYSON-D'EYNCOURT: SIR THOMAS THOMPSON.

Sir Thomas Raikes Lovett Thompson, Bt., was born on May 12, 1881, and succeeded his father, the late Sir Thomas Thompson, in 1904. He is the fourth Baronet of a creation dating from 1806.

Photograph by Lafayette.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO THE CHELSEA ARTS?



WILL THEY BE SEEN AT THE ALBERT HALL TO-NIGHT? FANCIES FOR FANCY-DRESS.

Some people put off almost to the last moment the choice of a costume for a fancy-dress ball. In case any of our fair readers have not yet decided what to wear at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall to-night (Wednesday, March 4), we offer what might be called some eleventh-hour inspirations. The setting and decorations of the ball are to represent an Old English Fair, and the names of the

rendezvous will be in keeping therewith—for example, "The Pieman," "The Pipers," "The Cattle Fair," and "The Two-Headed Calf." It is significant that there is only one Tango on the programme, which provides for twenty-six dances and three extras. Among them are two Brazilian machiches and a Highland schottische with Scottish pipers and drummers. The orchestra numbers 130 musicians.

DRAWINGS BY A. H. FISH.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

IN every holiday there should be no happier moment than that of return. One sets one's face homeward counting the simple pleasures, the domestic joys of one's own fireside, one's own library, one's own table, one's own garden. The Rhine, the Adirondacks, the South Seas, Bognor, Cornish cliffs, Scottish heather—all, all have their charm, but there comes a day when the unconscious pull of one's own home becomes conscious and too strong to withstand. Almost without definite intention one fixes and announces an hour of departure. Perhaps one's children, perhaps only one's servants—and why in the name of comfort and common-sense should I say "only one's servants," unless it be that servants, glorying in their independence, are never really one's own?—certainly one's books, one's cellar, one's chair, one's bed, await one. They have palled; they will pall again; but they are personal, one's own. Their turns and twists, their flavours, their positions, their arrangements, their defects are part of us. We have made them; they have made us. Perchance in our own house and in our own room we may not have three electric bells enabling us to summon at will valet, waiter, or maid; we may not have opening out of it a huge bathroom glowing white and shining silver; we may have no telephone. Perchance even we may have no electric light. But the room is our very own. No previous occupant, bearded perhaps and swollen, has left the marks of his cigarette on the imitation Sheraton furniture; the noises we hear are the noises of our own household; no connecting doors make us privy to the shabby secrets of our stranger neighbours.

And if we return from the South at this season of the year we have many of these joys at their keenest. After the scented beauty of the Mediterranean, the dull olive of its foliage, the sun-bathed rocks and arid vineyards, how grateful the rain-swept Kentish landscape, the faint haze over everything, the soft blue of the sky, the woods shimmering with a powder of green and brown. There is something unrestful about the Provençal country. To the visitor from the North it must seem foreign always in fact and spirit. Where are its brooks purling past banks of flowers to the sea? One such

I know, but only one, and there, save for the presence of cypress and blossoming mimosa, of the great guardian mountains and of a goatherd and his flock, one might be in Devonshire. Where are its deep lanes scoring the hillside under hazel and hawthorn, and its brown hedges lit up with ragged-robins and shy early primroses? No, all the poets, Shakespeare most flagrantly, have written about the South as if added to its own proper beauties it had all the beauties of our colder North. At first, so gorgeous is our impression of those Mediterranean bays and valleys, we have no time for disappointment, to remember how we have been betrayed. Then slowly we learn the truth, and we learn too that England and Provence and Italy have each their own special and individual quality, each their own season of appeal, and, if we have a happy temperament, that each is more exquisite than the others.

Perhaps coming at this time from the Riviera one breaks one's journey in Paris. One finds in it a pale reflection of the spirit of the Midi. For the moment one is out of conceit with its charm. To appreciate Paris one should go to it from England. Nowadays so much of it is an imitation of New York, of Berlin, and even of the glaring avenues of the London suburbs.

The Seine flows dully between its walls, a cold wind cuts the skin, some infernal and new police regulations have made it even more difficult and dangerous than before to cross its broad streets or to secure a taxi to shelter one from the driving rain, the picture-dealers are somnolent, the dressmakers ignorant of what is to come next.

But London. London is always itself. The cheerful porters at Charing Cross do what they are told without argument or misunderstanding, the Customs House officers are obliging and sympathetic, the streets, puddled with mud, glow with the light of a thousand lamps, the taxis are large, swift, well driven. And all, or nearly all, the women are pretty; they begin even to be well dressed. The town may not be "gay," but it has good-humour, and it has vigour and ease and understanding. London has a homely note. Its mean stations, its untidy streets, do not impress but they welcome. Paris and New York, each in its own degree, are garish, heartless,



AS THE WIDOW 'OPPER: THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN'S IN A VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENT AT CALTON, YORKSHIRE.

The entertainment was organised by the officers of the Scots Greys, and amused the villagers vastly. Lord St. Germans, who is the sixth Earl, was born on July 11, 1890, and succeeded in 1911. He holds a commission in the Royal Scots Greys.

Photograph by Lamb.

fierce, feverish. London is subdued, perhaps a little drab, friendly though, even to the stranger; kind, restrained, calm.

Of all the cities I know, London seems to me the happiest to return to.



IN AN APACHE DANCE: LORD RODNEY AND MISS LOCKE.

Lord Rodney, here seen in the entertainment referred to below, was born on Nov. 2, 1891. The first Lord Rodney was the famous naval commander who, after numerous victories, defeated the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse in 1782—a success which led to the Peace of Versailles on Jan. 20, 1783. This Lord Rodney had granted to him by Parliament a pension of £2000 a year for himself and his successors.

Photograph by Lamb.

ANOTHER EXCLUSION PROPOSAL.



MRS. O'LEARY (*a habitual borrower*): Shure, Mrs. O'Grady, I hate to throuble yez, but cud yez lind me the yolk av an igg?

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



RESPECTADEBILITY. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"IN default there is respectability." "In default of what?" will you ask. Well, of everything else that is important—beliefs. Mr. H. G. Wells has just returned from Russia, and by comparison between Russia and England he finds that, as he expresses it in the *Daily News*—

The English seem to have no real belief: their Church is a phantom; their Monarchy a constitutional influence; their lives ruled by appearances and uncontrolled by conscience and heart-searchings. No man talks of his religion or discusses his aims in life; it may be that Englishmen have no religion and no aims in life. In default there is respectability.

Ay, ay, and so much of it, indeed, that you cannot see respectable things because of respectability. In the name of respectability the errand-boy clings to a collar he cannot afford to change, and the genteel suburban lady to a general servant she cannot afford to pay or feed. A respectable errand-boy, you see, cannot go about with a bare neck, and the *châtelaine* of Villa Montague cannot be seen hanging the washing in her back garden—those things lack "tone." So never mind if the collar is colour "Isabelle," and if the servant-girl is pale and undersized. England expects every man to look respectable: every man, and his wife, and the grocer-messenger! Respectability, why it is a religion in itself; and like every religion that is observed absolutely, it becomes fanaticism—the luncheon sacrificed to the pair of gloves; sound boots to a silk sunshade. Among the meek and mild respectability remains grey and unobtrusive; it is then called gentility. Among the aggressive and the full-blooded it grows and spreads,

cannot mount it or dismount it at will. Your horse is a slow and tired one, that only walks alongside of other old and tired hacks. And to ride it, remember, you have to don a depressing uniform of the colour of dust, much too tight everywhere. And woe to him who bursts his strait-jacket—it can never be mended! To be respectable is to conform oneself to a certain, very certain pattern. Great people, clever people, kind people—people who have done, and said, and lived; people we love, admire, and respect—have none of them been "respectable." The synonym of respectable is "usual." I knew a very pretty girl who had one brown eye and the other blue. She tried hard and failed to look respectable. She looked odd, and, as everyone knows, oddity is a sin. It only becomes a virtue when you are famous or a millionaire, and it hinders you from becoming either.

Respectability is at the same time the narrowest and most elastic of creeds. You can sin against it in a thousand different ways. For instance, it is not respectable for a man to smoke a clay pipe, nor for a woman to leave a husband she has ceased to love to live with a man she esteems and cherishes. The cases of *lèse-respectability* are legion, and all amusing, but I want room enough to tell you a little adventure that happened, or rather did not happen, to me last week. I was having a dumb communion with Botticelli's "Venus" in a shop-window when a man I know,

an artist, "clever as paint," I think you say, happened to pass at the same time. I did not see him, entered the shop, and was soon plunged in pictures and prints. My friend entered the shop behind me; but a counter, two easels, the shopkeeper, and the spirits of departed masters were between us. There were a few other customers in the shop, and my friend chose not to startle them by shouting at me. Having vainly dropped his stick, cleared his throat, and upset a paint-box without succeeding in making me turn round, says Mr. Markino to the shopkeeper, in his gentle, timid English—

"Please, I know this lady over there; I want to pass and speak to her."

Said the shopkeeper, vehemently indignant, with ten outstretched, outraged digits. "No, Sir, no; not in my shop!"

Respectability, respectability, what fools they make of themselves in thy name!



THE WEDDING OF JANET, LADY LACON AND MR. NORMAN McLEAN MYOTT: THE BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM.

The wedding took place very quietly the other day, in St James's, Piccadilly, of Janet, Lady Lacon, widow of Sir Edmund Lacon, fifth Baronet and brother of the present Baronet, and Mr. Norman McLean Myott, of Lingfield Manor, Surrey. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. R. Gorham, was the widow of Mr. Launcelot Redhead, of Carville Holl, Brentford, when, in August 1911, she married Sir Edmund Lacon, who, it may be recalled, was killed in a motor accident in British Columbia in the following month.

Photograph by C.N.

violent and unabashed—and flourishes as swank. I prefer swank to anæmic gentility, and especially to positive complacent respectability. There is something daring, dashing, and disdainful about swanking; a believe-it-or-not carelessness, a contempt for your credulity. Swanking is imagination doing a somersault instead of a *volplané*; it is a climb towards an ideal—with a lie for a ladder.

Respectability is a monster with a dreadful appetite; to feed him it requires a great deal—humanity, health, youth, money, ambitions of the higher sort, originality, vitality. All this, Respectability can munch, and crunch, and swallow. The mind of a thorough respectability-worshipper is incapable of real respect, esteem, or even of generous doubt. As a religion respectability is a success—it represents vain sacrifice, obedience, and the easy comfort that comes of the cessation of mental struggle; but as a hobby-horse, Respectability is a failure. You



FORMERLY LORD AND LADY ASHBY ST. LEDGERS: THE NEW LORD AND LADY WIMBORNE.

The Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest, eldest son of the first Lord Wimborne, and his successor in the title, was created Baron Ashby St. Ledgers in 1910. He was born on Jan. 16, 1873, and, in 1902, married the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, daughter of the second Baron Ebury. Amongst other positions he has held those of M.P. for Plymouth, M.P. for Cardiff, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion and Afforestation, and Paymaster-General. Last year he was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. He served in South Africa, with the Imperial Yeomanry, in 1900.

Photograph by Topical.



THE WEDDING OF JANET, LADY LACON AND MR. NORMAN McLEAN MYOTT: THE CHILDREN OF THE BRIDE.

Photograph by C.N.

THE WALL WITHOUT A CHINK.



SEMI-DETACHED.

The Browns are positive that something ghastly is happening at the Smiths' next door. Judging by the noise, it is a slow murder, or bloodshed of some sort at the least. Brown wonders whether to take the poker and investigate.

As a matter of fact, something very ghastly *is* happening at the Smiths', but not quite as the Browns imagine. Miss Smith is giving a wonderful impersonation of Martin Harvey in "The Only Way" for the benefit of a few friends.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

FOXHOUND AND GREYHOUND: EXTRACTS FROM "HOUNDS."

"Hounds": Practical and Historical.

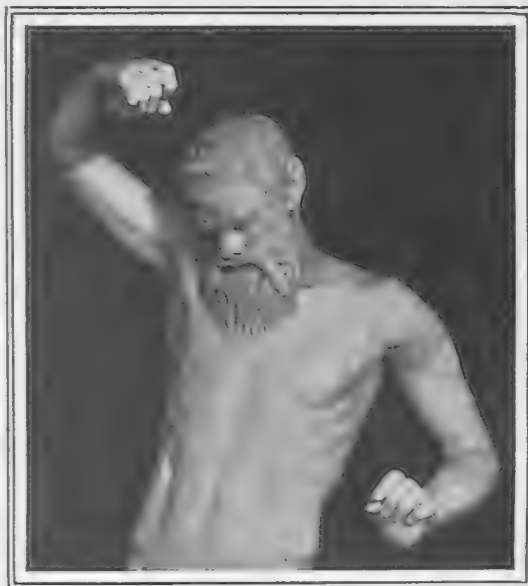
Mr. Barton has much to say—and everything he says is of value—of hounds of all breeds: the foxhound, the bloodhound, the greyhound (including the Afghan), harriers, otter-hounds, the borzoi, the deerhound, the Irish wolfhound, the Great Dane, beagles, the dachshund, the basset-hound, and the whippet. For the purposes of this notice, we quote something about the foxhound and the greyhound, hunting being ever under discussion and the Waterloo Cup having been decided so recently. It must be remarked at once, however, lest we mislead, that "Hounds" is even more practical than it is historical, and deals thoroughly, for example, with such important things as anatomy and conformation, evolution and points, diseases of every sort and remedies for combating them, wounds and other injuries, nervous disorders, and portable hound-kennels. In a few words, it is what it claims to be—"a book of general utility within the grasp of the sportsman whose means do not permit him to encompass the more pretentious works devoted to the subject."

The Age of the Foxhound.

And so to our extracts. First, the foxhound—and the fox. "Hounds of the foxhound type," it is written, "can be traced back to early on in the sixteenth century, though the author is not aware that they were then used for hunting the fox, but hare-hunting is a very ancient form of sport. Xenophon, who lived over three hundred years B.C., has left records that he indulged in this form of sport. In a book written some time between 1406 and 1413, entitled 'The Master of the Game,' the following passage occurs: 'The fox is a common beast, and therefore I need not tell of his making, and there be few gentlemen who have not seen some. . . . With great trouble men can take a fox, especially the vixen when she is with whelps. . . . She is a false beast, and as malicious as a wolf. The hunting for a fox is fair for the good cry of hounds, that follow him so nigh and with so good a will. Always they scent of him, for he flies through a thick wood, and also he stinketh ever more. And he will scarcely leave a covert when he is therein. He taketh not to the plain open country, for he trusteth not to his running, neither to his defence, for he is too feeble; and if he does, it is because he is forced by the strength of men and hounds.'"

Old Hunts. Mr. J. Fairfax Blakeborough, in a chapter contributed to the book, recalls a story told of the Rev. "Jack Russell,"

of Devonshire, who was asked if he considered the foxhound a distinct species of dog from the first. "Lord Carrington, who was present, endeavoured to simplify the question by adding to it, and said, 'Did he, in fact, come out of the Ark?' Russell quite spontaneously replied, 'How could he? Did not a brace of foxes come out alive?'" Of fox-hunting as, so to speak, a fixed sport, Mr. Barton writes: "Lord Wilton, in a work entitled 'Sports and Pursuits of the English,' says that 'about the year 1750 hounds began to be entered solely to fox,' but there is plenty of evidence to prove that long before this date there were numerous fox-hunting establishments in England. In the year 1713, Sir John Tyrwhitt, Mr. C. Pelham, and Mr. Robert Vyner came to an arrangement that each lot of foxhounds kept by them should be united so as to form one pack, and that their interests in the same should be divided. In all there were thirty-two hounds, or sixteen couples, and the gentlemen named hunted the country (Brocklesby) from 1714, though the hunt was first founded about 1700." In a footnote, he states further that the Berkeley (Lord Fitzhardinge's) is probably the most ancient hunt in Great Britain, dating its foundation from 1613.



NOT BERNARD SHAW, AND YET HOW LIKE HIM! THE HEAD AND TORSO OF A STATUE BY THE GREEK SCULPTOR MYRON, IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM, ROME.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "This is not a portrait of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw practising for the Olympic Games! It is a statue in the Lateran Museum, Rome, by the ancient Greek sculptor, Myron. It probably formed part of a group in which Marsyas is represented in the act of 'seizing the pipes which Athena has rejected, which he plays while dancing with delight.' Suddenly the goddess appears, and dashes the pipes from his hand; while Marsyas recoils in terror. The arms shown in the photograph are 'restorations,' which accounts for the cymbals. The likeness to Mr. Bernard Shaw is remarkable!"—[Photograph by Brogi.]

Concerning the Greyhound.

Then, as to the greyhound. "From time immemorial," writes Mr. Barton, "the greyhound, or at any rate a hound of similar conformation, has been used for coursing the hare. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth coursing appears to have been indulged in, as a physician to that Queen—Dr. Johannes Caius—refers to the greyhound, and the Queen used greyhounds for coursing the stag, but it is quite possible that the hounds used at that period were more of the deerhound type. Moreover, Edmund de Langley and Gervase Mark-

ham both refer to the greyhound, the former writing in the fourteenth century, and the latter about the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the British Museum there is the mummy head of an Egyptian hound, the anatomical outlines of which bear some resemblance to those of the tall hound now under consideration. There is also a group of dogs displayed in the same Museum found at Monte Cagnolo. This piece of statuary depicts two dogs which appear to be representative of the greyhound. . . . The Waterloo Cup was established in 1836, and in that year eight dogs ran for it."—For the rest a hearty recommendation to all interested in "Hounds: Their Points and Management," to buy, and read, and keep for reference Mr. Barton's undeniably useful and entertaining volume.



WHAT BABY THINKS OF THE SAVOY PUCK! THE INFANT WEeping AT THE SIGHT OF MR. DONALD CALTHROP—IN MAKE-UP.

Mr. Donald Calthrop, the Puck of the Savoy production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has been photographed in his make-up on Hampstead Heath. The youngster whose "pram" he is pushing evidently does not like the look of Shakespeare's sprite as decorated by Mr. Norman Wilkinson! Mr. Calthrop, by the way, is the first man to play the part of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" since Elizabethan times.—[Photograph by C.N.]

* "Hounds." By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. With Thirty-seven Illustrations. (John Long; 5s. net.)

“O Moments Big as Years!”



No. III.—WHEN WE ARE INFORMED THAT “THIS IS NOT A SMOKING - COMPARTMENT.”

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE BELLS OF HO - HO.

By CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN.

IT was very quiet and hot in the garden of Ho-Ho's father ; so quiet and breathless that it was ominous—as though there could not be so yellow a sky, so panting a land without its tragedy.

The three nurse-women of Ho-Ho, in garments of many colours, sat wretched and silent, watching their tiny charge, who occupied the centre of a huge golden-and-blue rug in what was usually the most breeze-haunted spot in all that fairy land.

The garden of the great merchant was in a northern province of China, so near the sea that its sweet, cool breath came every day across the carved coral rock wall and did its best to bring a faint colour to the little tea-rose cheeks of Ho-Ho ; but it seldom succeeded. Ho-Ho's eyes, like elongated drops of golden honey, looked out sweetly but sadly upon a world that seemed to baffle him.

To be three years old and unhappy !—even the great merchant, silent and serious and stern in a land of silent and stern men, knew that this was a mistake of the gods, and that his only son must smile and laugh like other little children, or life was somehow wrong.

Long ago there had been two other sons who had played in that garden, but when they had reached manhood, one died in an uprising, and the other was drowned at sea in one of his father's merchant ships. The mother of these sons was still at the palace, behind the bamboo trees, and watched with loving eyes the little creature who had come to take their place. That he was not her own child never hurt her, for Chinese women often have this thing to bear ; and besides, she was old now and could have no children of her own, and she felt a little flood of happiness when she held him in her lonely arms.

The other wives of the merchant, the one who in gorgeous raiment went with him on some of his journeys, and stood beside him in his palace when the world came there to visit him, even she and the little wife who spent her life embroidering and caring for his house, accepted Ho-Ho with smiling calm.

A few years ago the great merchant had gone to the south—Canton, they thought, or Foo-Chow, perhaps both—and he stayed a year ; stayed and found a dancing-girl whose grace made him forget the garden by the sea and the two sons whose loss was heavy upon his heart. Occasionally a messenger was sent north with commands from him to his women ; and then finally he came back, bringing Ho-Ho with him. Ho-Ho was his son ; this was enough. The women were silent of questions, and the mother of the two other boys took the frail baby from his arms and prayed to Buddha that he might live.

And now, three years after that, Ho-Ho sat, king of the garden, where sweet spring was sketching a page in its book : flowering almond and plum trees, the firs with their new pale tips, the blue bamboo in the background, delicate and strong ; hyacinth and Chinese geraniums everywhere, the carp silvering the little pool with swift dashes of light ; and hung from many a pink branch, jade cages in which fluttered and sang strange little yellow birds—all this was made Ho-Ho's own by the carved coral wall that encircled it, and on a day as still as this, if one leaned over the wall, one could hear the voices of the fishermen down below.

All this, and no word yet of the one thing that, out of all the world, could make Ho-Ho happy : his bells.

All this about the garden, and only now have we got to the point of telling you how the trees and tall flaming bushes were hung with them. Chains and ropes of little bells, gold and silver and crystal, copper and brass and porcelain, in every shape and guise, hung on silken cords of gay colours from which fluttered gayer tassels and golden pendants. Bells everywhere that a little wandering breeze

might find one and set it tinkling ; tinkling way down into Ho-Ho's solemn little heart, so that he would smile, and further down into his little toes, so that, squatting on the great rug, he would clasp his suddenly happy little feet in both tiny hands, double quite over and chuckle with delight.

Every day the bells were tested. Did one not ring true, away it was cast, and some wonder, copied in miniature from a famous temple, was hung from the flowering branch in its place. The bell-man of the palace held it as the price of his life that the blessed singing, chiming, tinkling things were in condition—tassels well combed, cords unfrayed, and tongues affixed just right. Early in the morning the direction of the wind was taken, and the bells hung accordingly.

It was very quiet and hot in the garden of Ho-Ho's father ; so quiet and breathless that it was ominous—as though there could not be so yellow a sky, so panting a land without its tragedy.

Not a breath from the sea, not a leaf moving nor a petal falling, *not a bell tinkling!* Just silence, and palpitant heat, and Ho-Ho's face lotus-pale, and the corners of his soft little mouth drooping.

The three nurse-women watched him from above their folded arms for a long time ; then one of them, fearing the anger of the merchant should he return from the town and see his son, went and leaned far over the carved wall and, being a sailor's daughter, whistled for the wind and sang a little chant to Buddha for a breath from heaven. But none came. The second, whose lover was a soothsayer, whispered that the curse could only be taken away from the child by his mother—and he obviously had none. He was doomed.

"He has three mothers," said the third woman ; "three mothers and us, to care for him. You speak nonsense. Give me that stick. I myself shall move the bells." And she took a bamboo pole and touched a string of copper bells, setting them in motion.

Ho-Ho looked up and watched the woman. One after another she struck the bells, but no two could she make ring at once. Desperately she struck, and harder and harder while the other women watched the child. At last they cried out to her to cease, for Ho-Ho had both hands to his ears and had thrown himself face down upon the rug, sobbing.

Horror-stricken at what they had done, the nurse-women clung together, hardly daring to touch the strange little creature who would not smile, and yet certainly not daring to let him lie there uncomfortable.

They tried soft promises of breezes now on their way across the sea, they lifted him up so that he could see beyond the wall far out on the leaden waters ; but he held out his arms towards his gleaming bells and wept, so they put him back under the plum-trees again. It was then they became conscious of someone else in the garden—a stranger, which was a thing forbidden by the master.

The woman had evidently climbed the long, steep road through the pines from the town, for she leaned now, panting and weary, against the wall and closed her eyes. A gardener, working at a distance, looked up under his great tray-like straw hat and ran menacingly towards her ; but the nurse-woman who was a sailor's daughter waved him back and spoke to the woman, and offered her the little soft pink palm of her hand full of water from the spring close by.

Then the woman spoke and thanked her, asking what garden she was in, and when the nurse had told her she nodded her head and smiled and pointed at Ho-Ho, and said—

"And is the little spring blossom *his* son ?"

Meanwhile, Ho-Ho's tears had ceased from mere exhaustion,

[Continued overleaf.]

A TRIPLE BILL.



THE VICAR (*condoling with the widow*): I am very sorry indeed, Mrs. Stiggle, to hear you have lost your husband. It is a great trouble for you.
MRS. STIGGLE: Well, Sir, I don't know so much. I do know where he is now, and I never did before.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



THE ABSENT-MINDED POLICEMAN (*applying a familiar formula to circumstances not quite so easily adjustable*): Pass along, please

DRAWN BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.



"Did you catch any fish this morning?"
"No"—(*scornfully*).
"Well, you are truthful, anyway, which can't be said of all fishermen."
"As to that, perhaps you might have called them fish, but I wouldn't.
The biggest one I got only weighed twelve pounds."

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.

and he now lay quiet against the breast of the soothsayer's sweetheart.

"Does he never smile?" asked the woman sadly.

They shook their heads, and looked searchingly at the copper, breezeless sky.

"He needs a mother," said one.

"O, Kwan-yin, the Mother of Mercies, send us wind!" cried the other; and the third, in a panic of fear, told the stranger the story of the bells.

And all the time the woman looked down on the little boy with a strange, stifled look on her face—as pale as Ho-Ho. She was young and tall and graceful, and spoke with a slow, southern manner of speech; and they noticed that, shabby and tired and worn as she was, her feet were encased in fine silvery rice-fibre sandals, as though she took good care of them. And when they had told her of their fear of the master if his child were not more happy when he returned to the palace, the stranger looked about her, brushed her sandals this way and that in the grass, stuck some glowing, rose-coloured hyacinths in her hair, and walked straight away from them towards the trees where Ho-Ho's bells drooped in the heat.

Without hesitation she tore them from the boughs, the crystal ones first, then the gold and silver, and then the others, and she hung them upon her arms, about her slender amber throat, and around her tattered waist. In her hands she held a long rope of tiny silver and jewelled ones that were like the fairy-queen of bells; and, having thus decked herself, she found a place before Ho-Ho where the grass was like pale-green satin—and then she danced.

The only words really to describe that dance would be words made of jewelled silver and gold and copper and crystal—like the bells—for it was very wonderful. The three women sat behind the child, breathless and thrilled, daring hardly to look at one another, as though it were not quite right to see the thing they were witnessing.

What need of a breath from the sea, of a wind from the pine-trees, when that woman turned herself into a hundred singing tongues?

This way and that she went, first as though it were dawn and the little breeze from off the morning stars shook the tinkling things

around her throat—she was almost still save for that. Then, as though morning came, the temple bells all called—low, low and clear; then the villages awoke, and all the little bells of the towns took up the call of day. Meanwhile she whirled, with graceful arms outstretched.

The wind rose and it stormed, and the bells jangled and cried for help—but soon the storm, too, passed; and, spent and weary, the little village bells told that they still lived. Then evening again—more temple bells, the herdsmen coming back, the rice-gatherers tinkling homeward, the boat bells; night—and then, with a little heart-broken discord, the dancer crumbled up among the jingling things at Ho-Ho's tiny satin-shod feet. And he, transported, ran to her, laughing and clapping his little hands and clutching at her, to make her do it once more.

They were lifting the poor dancer up and fanning her, having stripped her of the bells, when the merchant entered the garden and beheld the scene, and beheld also Ho-Ho, with shining eyes, dancing before her and crying—

"Again! Again!"

He came up to them, and then he saw her and waved the nurses far away and clutched Ho-Ho to him.

"Your word," he said accusingly, "not to come!"

"My heart," said the woman, leaning against a tree, trembling; "I had to come!"

"Did you think you could stay?" He glanced scornfully at her. "Did you? You are indeed a foolish creature!"

She moved piteously away from him towards the great arched gate.

"I am a breeze sent from heaven," she said. "Beware such days as this. If you drive me away, when the heavens fail you, who will make the bells sing and the child laugh?"

"Go," said the man, "quickly." And when he had driven her before him through the gate, she turned to him—

"I am a wind sent from heaven; I am a breeze out of the sea; I am a thousand tongues of gold and silver. Some day you will cry aloud for me—and I shall come, for his sake."

THE END.



A GAMBLING (RE)COUNTER.

THE EDITOR: Well, Madam, if the story suits me, I will pay you six guineas for it.

THE YOUNG LADY AUTHOR (*persuasively*): Oh, come now. Won't you buy it without reading it, and I'll let you have it for a sovereign?

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



ON THE LINKS

CAESAR'S HOME COURSE: PERFECT NATURAL LINKS ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

More Scandal About Caesar.

When we were near half-way through the very first round that I ever had on the golf-course of ancient Rome—that being but a few days back from now—my associate in the enterprise, who may be considered to be the foremost authority on the game in the Eternal City, recited to me in a manner of some solemnity the following lines—

When Cæsar homeward came from Gaul
He said he could not play at all;
But, after he had won his match,
They found that he was really scratch.

The associate meant his quotation to be apposite to the occasion. I had explained to him in advance that on the Riviera, whence I had come, I had not, in the golfer's phrase, hit a single ball of any kind, the glare of the sunlight, the climate, the easy life, and a general and particular kind of happiness being held to be largely responsible for the disasters that occurred. Now on the Campagna I had a holeable putt for a 3 at a difficult 4 hole—a rare occurrence in that round, but let that pass. So, for the first time, I was likened to mighty Cæsar. His case, however, is readily explained; and for his justification it should be. Despite all the pretty things that Mark Antony said about him in the famous speech, his intense patriotism and the good that he had done for Rome and her citizens, there can be little doubt that Cæsar had commonly his eye on what we might call the main chance. He may or may not have coveted a Roman throne, but he made a very excellent time for himself. In the above-written poetry it is plainly hinted that, as many golfers have done since his time, he had come home pot-hunting, had not disclosed the real state of his game, and had obtained a larger handicap than he would have done if the handicap committee of the Senate had known all that he had done in Gaul—how, probably, he had greatly increased the length of his drive, and possibly had acquired the push shot. But I do not take this harsh view of Cæsar, as it is suggested they did in Rome on his return; and it is not because when I, too, came from Gaul to Rome I was laid under the same suspicion.

Glad to Play at Rome.

No, the real truth appears to be that Cæsar came on to his game suddenly, as through an overwhelming exaltation at being back on his splendid course on the Campagna after many trying experiences on the courses in foreign parts. Our earliest records of golf in Britain date from the fifteenth century, and we know that courses then were what we should now consider quite impossible. What, then, could they have been in Cæsar's

time? On the other hand, the Campagna, which is just outside the walls of Rome, is, as we know, pretty much in the same state now as it was when Cæsar lived and conquered. History has it that he exercised his legions there, and that kind of thing would not make the lies any better than they ought to be; but the turf is so splendid and firm that it might not make much difference; and the legions had to be exercised somewhere. The arrangement of the course might have been different, and we do not know how many holes the Romans had. For some ten years past the Rome Golf Club has had only nine, but this season the number has at last been increased to the full eighteen. But the land formation remains the same, and, even though the old Romans had but three holes, they must have abounded in interesting character, for on this glorious piece of golfing country, as I have viewed it and played upon it, it would be nearly impossible to make a bad hole. No, Cæsar was overjoyed to be back on his home course again; he said to himself that Rome was the best place after all, he felt it easy to keep his eye on the ball and to swing back slowly, and his game rose to its full height. The malicious suggestion, which was probably put forward by Cassius, was altogether wrong. I do not believe it for a moment.

A Course Shaped by Nature.

I have never played on a course on the Continent which has so much thrilled and interested me, and that is not by any means only because it is in Rome, because it is on the famous Campagna, because the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct almost touch the sixteenth green, because the tomb of Cecilia Metella, St. Peter's, and nearly all Rome are to be seen from this course, with the Apennines and the Alban Hills in the distance on the other side, or because the course and the country all about seem to sing a song of glory and of ages. No other course is in

such a setting of magnificence, but I have been just amazed at the way in which this piece of ground seems to have been shaped so perfectly by Nature for the game. It is often said of St. Andrews, as of no other links, that Providence clearly meant it for a golf-course, since all the holes were there, beautiful holes without the making, and, if no bunkers had been cut, it would still have been very good golf indeed. We can go further than that in praise of Rome, and convince all sceptics by a very simple statement. There is not a single made bunker on the course on the Campagna, yet every shot is tested, and the golf is both difficult and interesting. I shall write of it again.

HENRY LEACH.



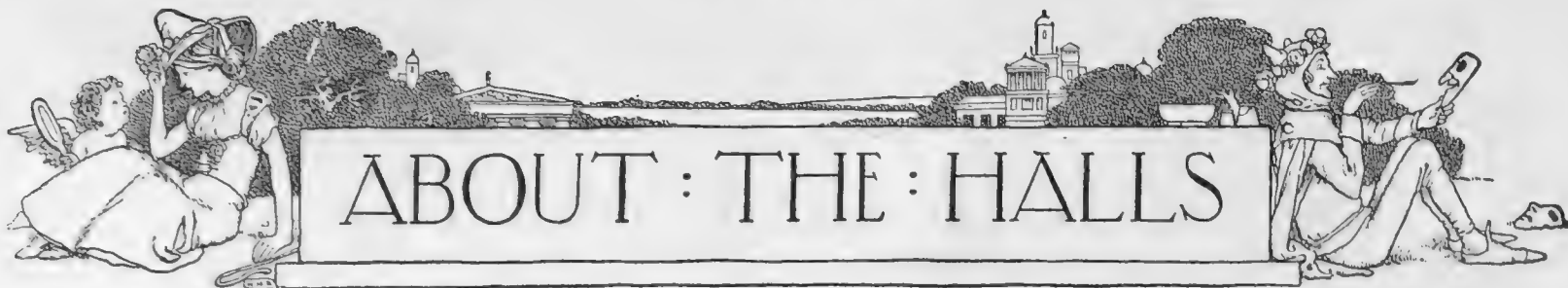
TO BE HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE
PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP: THE
HON. C. T. MILLS, M.P.

It was reported a few days ago that Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., had resigned the Honorary Secretaryship of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap, and that his place would be taken by the Hon. C. T. Mills, M.P., the future Lord Hillingdon. Mr. Mills has been in Parliament since 1910, in which year he was twenty-three. He is a partner in Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., the bankers. At Oxford he was a prominent member of the University golf team. Further, he hunted fairly regularly, and was Master of the Drag for a time.—[Photograph by Hoppé.]



GOLFERS IN THE SUN: ON THE PATH FROM THE FOURTH HOLE TO THE FIFTH TEE
OF THE VALESCURE LINKS, ST. RAPHAEL.

The correspondent who forwards us this photograph writes: "I send it as it is so typical of the sunshine in which golfers can play their game in these parts instead of puddling in the mud round London! The Valescure course is one of the prettiest in the world. It has been carved out of the rocks and forest on the western slopes of the Esterel Hills at a cost of £26,000 already spent, and more to follow. The figures (right to left) are those of R. Charles Fowler, Hon. Sec., Valescure G.C., and a Gloucestershire cricketer and present member of the Northants County C.C. committee; Colonel Ronald Brooke, D.S.O., late 8th Hussars, formerly A.D.C. to Lord Kitchener during the Soudan Campaign, 1899 (he is now Captain of the V.G.C., and lives at Valescure permanently); and Mr. D. A. D. Sewell, who is at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst."



BALLET AGAIN AT THE EMPIRE: FUN AT THE PALLADIUM AND PAVILION.

THE Empire is showing a tendency to revert to its old love and to give us ballet once again; and its change of policy is to be warmly commended. In future, "Nuts and Wine" is to be played at 8.30, and the ballet is to be given the proud position of being played at 10.30. The piece chosen for this distinction is a revised edition of "The Dancing Master," which was designed for it some years ago by C. Wilhelm, with music by Cuthbert Clarke, and, to judge from appearances, it is heartily welcomed by those who frequent the house. Even during its early stages last week, when it was being played before the revue, one could discern a distinct tendency on the part of the audience to arrive a little earlier than usual and to give a cordial welcome to the revival. The scene is laid in the Rehearsal Room of the Opera House in Paris, where M. Pirouette, the ballet-master, is engaged in instructing his pupils in the art of dancing. To him enter Mme. Lafleur and her daughter, Mlle. Mimi, with a letter of introduction which leads to the young lady's being given a trial that is phenomenally successful. Mlle. Rosita, the *première danseuse*, is then rehearsed, and, proving hopelessly unsatisfactory, the new arrival is called upon to take her place, which she does with entire satisfaction to the teacher, who is incidentally led to consent to her accepting the advances of a young man who has fallen in love with her. The two chief performers are, naturally, the young lady and the teacher, both of whom are completely successful. Mr. Espinosa, in the part of the latter, executes some fine dancing, and carries through the work of the part with great distinction; while Miss Phyllis Bedells once again has an opportunity of showing herself the finished artist she undoubtedly is. Full of youth and charm, she dances with grace and vivacity, and, with all deference to her predecessors, it is a good thing to see a native name borne by the leader of the Empire ballet. The music is fitly bright and tuneful, and the piece is attractively mounted. It is therefore to be hoped that this return to old ways will inaugurate a new season of success for the house.

"Pinkie," a Musical Comedy.

The Palladium is taking to late hours, and it is nigh upon a quarter to twelve o'clock before its show reaches a conclusion. It comprises many interesting "turns," including the performance of Miss Evie Greene, who sings, as ever, with great effect, and the programme is brought to a conclusion by a musical comedy entitled "Pinkie," which is the outcome of the imagination of Mr. Victor Newman. It is in three scenes, representing a Tourist Office, Charing Cross Station, and the South of France;

and tells, more or less, the story of a jewel-robbery and the detection of the delinquent. It opens with the appointment, by the proprietor, of "Pinkie" as detective to discover the authors of the theft, which introduces us to the chief character and his assistant, who, being hopelessly outwitted, travel to the South

of France in pursuit of the thief. Here, after much mental perturbation, the detective, after a bomb explosion, emerges from the hotel successful in his hitherto-thwarted attempts to obtain possession of the missing property. That is all, but it takes a great while to arrive at the desired climax, and perhaps it would be as well if the piece were subjected to condensation. There is, for instance, a scene at Charing Cross in which "Pinkie" is disguised as a nurse which would stand considerable shortening, the detective's nursing of the baby in particular being eminently cuttable. Mr. Fred Kitchen bears the main burden of the piece, and succeeds in keeping the audience well amused throughout, and it seems rather a pity that he should retain this scene. Its elimination, combined

with a general pruning, would serve to bring it to an end a little earlier. This would be considerably to its advantage, and would, incidentally, not interfere with its success—in fact, would probably enhance it.

"The Grotesques." The Follies set a fashion which looks like lasting for some time to come, and the "Grotesques" succeed in keeping visitors to the Pavilion well amused. The "Pav." entertains an audience which goes to be entertained, and is ready with laughter enough and to spare upon the very slightest provocation. The "Grotesques" may certainly claim to receive their due share. The method of extracting cachinnation is to depict the humours of a village concert given under the auspices and with the perpetual assistance of the clergyman, who announces every performer and who stays beaming upon the stage throughout the performance. The executants are all introduced by him, and come on one after the other and do their share in making laughter. He is a very merry little fellow, full of quaint little quips and conceits, and generally does everything in his power to make the show go. In this case the reverend gentleman is a person who is perfectly competent to do all this, and he succeeds in keeping the house amused from start to finish. His supporters are all capable people, and do what they are asked with complete satisfaction to their hearers. They sing their little songs well when required, and also badly when the call is made upon them. Certain it is that they keep the Pavilion audience laughing as long as they are upon the stage, and manage to make themselves thoroughly agreeable to their hearers from start to finish.

ROVER.



IN DANCING-DRESS: MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS AS MIMI LAFLEUR IN "THE DANCING MASTER."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



IN WALKING-DRESS: MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS AS MIMI LAFLEUR IN "THE DANCING MASTER."

A revised version of "The Dancing Master" is now being given at the Empire, and it is interesting to note that it is an all-British production. The principals are: Miss Phyllis Bedells as Mimi Lafleur; Mr. Edouard Espinosa as M. Pirouette; Miss F. Martell as Celestine; Miss Hilda Edwards as Armand; Miss Connie Walter as Mlle. Rosita; and Miss Irene Le Fre as Mlle. Lutine. The action, it will be recalled, takes place in the Rehearsal Room of the Opera House, Paris, in 1835.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

AMERICAN AND BRITISH PRICES : THE COST OF BODY-WORK : NAPIER DRIVERS : AUTO-CYCLE TRIALS.

American Cars and English Bodies. It is pretty generally understood by now that the very cheapest type of American runabout is produced under conditions which make it practically impossible for British and Continental manufacturers to compete with it in respect of price. So great is the demand in

and though, in the latter case, the total price may come out lower than that of an English car of kindred type, the margin would not by any means be so great as would appear from a mere comparison of the figures in the respective catalogues. Good carriage-work has to be paid for, and the standards to which we have become accustomed in this country are very much higher than those of our American neighbours.



A MOTOR-CAR USED AS A LOCOMOTIVE : THE DAILY AUTO-SERVICE BETWEEN WESTMORELAND AND BLAINE, KANSAS.

The photograph shows an old Mitchell-Lewis motor-car that was transformed into a locomotive by Mr. C. E. Morris, of Westmoreland, Kansas. Flanged wheels of the standard railway type were substituted for the rear wheels, and a miniature car-truck was fitted in front in place of the original wheels without the aid of any skilled engineer. The motor-car pulls a series of freight-cars, and during fifteen months has hauled about one hundred thousand tons of freight, in addition to many passengers, and has covered a distance of some twenty thousand miles.

the United States for cars of this type for utilitarian purposes that the Ford Company can lay down, without any anxiety as to the results, no fewer than 300,000 chassis for the current year; hence the cost of production is brought down to the irreducible minimum, and the car can be sold at an amazingly low price. Against the finished product, from the English point of view, there is practically only the matter of appearance to be urged, and it would certainly pay the English branch of the firm to give their customers the option of British-made bodies at an extra price.

Increasing Cost of Carriage-Work. It must be remembered, however, that the Ford is *sui generis*, and stands by itself in respect of price, even in the country of its origin. Other American cars which come over here occupy a mid-way position between the £125 Ford and the British or Continental product. They are certainly remarkably cheap, being produced on standard lines in quantities which, though not colossal, are nevertheless much greater than in the case of the English car. This much being admitted, however, it is only fair to point out that no small portion of the difference of price between four or five-seated cars of Transatlantic and European origin respectively is due to the difference of quality in the body-work itself. The agents for one typical American car will allow the sum of £5 if the chassis only is purchased, and in another case the catalogue price of the car complete is £25 more than that of the chassis. Now to fit either of these cars with standard English bodies would cost from £75 to £125. The fact is not sufficiently widely known, indeed, that though price-reduction has been in evidence to some extent each succeeding year at Olympia, it has really been greater than has been supposed so far as the actual building of the cars themselves is concerned. Unfortunately, however, body-work has gone up in price year by year, not merely because higher standards are expected by the public, but also because wood, aluminium, and sheet-steel have all become dearer to buy than formerly. It must be left, therefore, to the individual purchaser of the American car to decide whether he will retain the cheap standard body or fit an English one instead;

the control of the Auto-Cycle Union. As the contest includes a class for "cycle-cars," so called, it will afford an opportunity of seeing what the numerous light cars can do which come within the present "cycle-car" definition—that is to say, those of which the capacity of the engine does not exceed 1100 cubic centimetres. Whether such vehicles can legitimately be described as "cycle-cars" or not is a matter about which a considerable

Prizes for Drivers. A committee of the Automobile Association which was appointed to adjudicate in the Napier drivers' competition has now issued its awards in respect of drivers of Napier cars whose running records were the most meritorious during a period of six months from April 15 to Oct. 15 last. The awards are made on records showing the average costs per mile, made up of repair-charges, petrol-consumption, tyres, oil, etc. Twelve drivers accordingly have received prizes of gold watches, two of them of considerable value. The figures published in connection with the competition go to show that a good car in the hands of a conscientious driver is not by any means so costly a luxury as is commonly supposed. In the six-cylinder category, the six cars whose drivers were awarded prizes covered 41,759 miles at an average petrol-consumption of 17.01 miles per gallon, and a cost of £1 8s. for repairs. In the four-cylinder class, six cars covered 36,948 miles at an average of 22.15 miles per gallon, and a repair cost of £2 4s. 6d. The figures as to repairs are particularly instructive, and even the owners of small cars would not be inclined to grumble if they could confine their repair-accounts to such low figures.

A Spring Trial. Saturday next will witness the virtual opening of the competitive season in the shape of a one-day reliability trial under the control of the Auto-Cycle Union. As the contest includes a class for "cycle-cars," so called, it will afford an opportunity of seeing



AN ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER—ON THE FEET: AN AMERICAN INVENTOR WEARING HIS PATENT MOTOR-SKATES.

We illustrate here the ingenious motor-skates invented by Mr. Bruce Eyttinge, a young American, who says of it: "A six-volt motor is on each skate; each of these motors will take twelve volts if required. I gain a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. The more batteries, the greater the speed. The batteries in question are carried on a belt round the waist. Each skate is controlled by a separate switch. The inventor has used the skates in the streets of the United States as well as on rinks." An obvious difficulty is the fact that a typical battery of the type shown in the photograph would weigh anything from ten to fifteen pounds. The photograph shows the inventor with a battery in his hand.



CAPABLE OF CARRYING ITS WEARER AT A RATE OF TWELVE TO FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR: THE ELECTRIC MOTOR-SKATE INVENTED BY MR. BRUCE EYTINGE.

Photograph by Levick.

amount of discussion is now being waged; but definition is only a side-issue, and the important factor is the capability or otherwise of the vehicles themselves. There was a considerable array thereof at the second of the Olympia Shows last November.



THE sensational silver which is to be sold at Christie's on March 24 is, failing a Pierpont Morgan, almost bound to find its way into a public museum. When once a thing so precious as the Ashburnham salt-cellar goes out of the family the treasure can hardly be properly housed except in a national collection. Lord Ashburnham, by whom the treasures to be sold at Christie's were stowed away in a bank, died only a year ago, and left a daughter. To her the silver is of little or no consequence. She renounced the world, and its possessions, when not long ago she entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton.

Much has been made of the losses Pierpont Morgan's death would bring to the world that exists on great prices in the art market. But Christie's, it is thought by those nearly concerned, will be the scene of heavy record-breaking when the Ashburnham silver comes up for sale; and even among the dealers who did regular trade with the princely American there has been no lasting depression since his death. The expert (to take one case) in rare books and manuscripts, whose yearly cheque from Mr. Morgan averaged ten thousand pounds is not sure that he is a loser, for three new customers have replaced the old one. All three are Americans who during Mr. Morgan's lifetime did not care to compete with such a devastatingly powerful rival. With that rival gone, they all aspire to first place among private collectors. It is not for the dealer to deplore or discourage such aspirations.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN
ATHERTON HAROLD CHISENH
HALE - MARSH: MISS
LORNA CHARRINGTON.

Miss Charrington is the second daughter of Colonel Francis Charrington, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Charrington, of Pishiobury Park, Sawbridgeworth, Herts. Captain Chisenhale-Marsh, of the 9th Lancers, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Swaine Chisenhale-Marsh, of Gaynes Park, Theydon Garnon, Essex.

Photograph by Swaine.

Snapshots and Shots. The snapshot is not always an unfailing source of satisfaction; and the lovely lady who, on leaving a court the other day, was followed by a little



ON THE STEPS LEADING TO THE DRAWING-ROOM OF HER CANNES HOME:
MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT THE VILLA VICTORIA.

A number of very interesting photographs of the Cannes home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will be found on another page of this issue.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. RICHARD
STANHOPE, ONLY BROTHER OF EARL
STANHOPE: LADY BERYL LE POER
TRENCH, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE
EARL OF CLANCARTY.

Mr. Stanhope was born in January 1885. He is a J.P. for Lincolnshire. Lady Beryl Le Poer Trench was born in 1893.

Photograph by Lafayette.

crowd of cameras, knew exactly how to screen herself with an umbrella, and even to make assaults with it upon the encroaching heads of her persecutors. Mr. W. W. Jacobs once rather regretted that he had not been similarly armed. He had gone to court when his wife was charged with suffragageous conduct, from the consequences of which even his good word could not deliver her. She went to prison, and he returned to his home. One paper in which portraits appeared the next day reached the prisoner. "You did not seem to mind my imprisonment very much," said the lady, "*judging by your smile.*" The lady had the snap, and the gentleman received the shot. It was only when Mr. Jacobs discovered that the picture had been taken at a football match a year before, and served up as occasion seemed to demand, that he could explain away one smile, and enter upon another.

"Bart's Hospital." The Baronetage, with one exception, is in order. With the publication of the official Roll, its prestige is secured against the somewhat mythical dangers that were supposed to threaten it. The institution of an Office and the appointment of officials were

deemed necessary; and all baronets have now, it seems, delivered their names and addresses, save Sir Henry Burnaby. Although the Assistant Registrar of the Baronetage hastens to reassure us with the statement that Sir Henry is the only Baronet who is "really lost," the office will doubtless do its best to tidy up the mystery. Nearer the heart of the average baronet is the question of some addition to the title (such as an "Honourable" before or after the "Sir") that will further distinguish him from the multitude of knights. At any rate, Bart's Hospital, as the office is called, has still a little work ahead of it.

An Unmarked Festival.

Baseball has set people thinking quite seriously of George Washington's claims to a statue in the Abbey. The Dean, an indefatigable and most courteous letter-writer, has had his hands full of American correspondence, and even on Sunday the *Observer* makes claims on him. Mr. Stewart's offer to defray expenses does not ease the difficulty. The only memorial to Keats in London was set up by American money; funds for Washington would not be wanting. But London needs schooling about him, as in baseball. Did anyone at the *Observer*, or the Abbey, or Mr. Stewart himself, notice his letter appeared on Washington's birthday?



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM
HAMPDEN SILVER: MISS
MARY JESSIE HANSELL.

Miss Hansell is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hansell, of 18, Eldon Road, Kensington, and Cherry Tree Cottage, Forest Row, Sussex. Mr. Silver, of the Suffolk Regiment, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Silver, of 15, Greycoat Gardens, and The Holt, near Winchfield.

Photograph by Swaine.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"The Spring is Here!"

We can all remember the resonant Teutonic song, usually given by a stout lady of truculent aspect, which announced the said simple, natural event with unnecessary repetition. And officially, to be sure, it being the month of March, the spring should shortly arrive, were it not for the fact that the vernal season gets later every year. Just as the autumns are warmer, and there is no frost to speak of in winter, so we generally get, nowadays, the most abominable weather in March and April. I have yet to encounter the person who feels bright and cheerful, or even well, in the first month of spring in this island of ours. Nor is it much more agreeable anywhere else, even in the favoured "Sunny South." People rushing down, by expensive "trains of luxury," to such regions, to bask in delusive sunshine, sometimes find themselves faced by one of the most unpleasant of winds. This wind dries up your throat, giving you a special disorder not to be contracted anywhere else, and penetrates to your very marrow if by chance you saunter in the shade. It is almost as cold, but not so impregnated with snow, as the famous spring wind which blows from the mountains on all alike at Venice, on the just and the unjust, on lovers, archaeologists, British spinsters, and smart Parisians—all the flotsam and jetsam from Europe which collect on the lagoons and canals of the pink city on the Adriatic.

"Souvent Bridge Varie."

Nothing is more characteristic of the tumultuous world we live in than the way games of cards seem to pall upon their devotees, so that the rules have to be changed, and the game radically altered, every two or three months. I wonder if this happened in that earlier card-playing age, when fops and fine ladies in powder and patches and brocade passed most of their time by candle-light playing those eighteenth-century games which we have forgotten. In the nineteenth century these pastimes did not alter. Whist, the joy and recreation of fogeys' clubs and dowagers' drawing-rooms, has always remained much the same as when it first became the mode. But now nothing will do, in this restless generation, but to change the rules so constantly as to make another game. No one seems to know how, when, and why these drastic innovations are made. They are suddenly heard of, and thereafter no self-respecting person will sit down at a table where the old, out-moded, dowdy rules are observed. Yet the new rules always make for complications, and it would seem as if the only use to which the modern man and woman care to put their brains is in mastering the difficulties of Auction Bridge. The amount of intelligence and thought which is lavished on this recreation would engineer a revolution or change the aspect of society as we know it. Perhaps "cards" are a safety-valve; certainly the slaves of the card-table do not, as a rule, occupy themselves with the problems of to-day to any disquieting extent.

How to Keep Young.

The ambition of the sexagenarian in the twentieth century is to keep young, and to go on keeping young till he is rising ninety. Sir James Crichton-Browne is certainly an authority on how to do it, and he tells us that the secret of success lies in taking an active interest in human affairs—in exercising, in short, one's capacity for love in a general sense. It is, he says, an absolute antiseptic against senile decay—that most pathetic and distressing of human disorders, immortalised in "King Lear." As a matter of fact, there is far less senile decay in these days than there was when people began to get stodgy in the forties and thought themselves antediluvian at seventy. One hears of numbers of marriages in every class at that patriarchal age; while the time for taking the world

tour seems now to be relegated to eighty or so, when other pleasures are failing and the intellect requires to be stimulated to activity by new sights and strange shores. Yet the question may be asked whether the younger generation are benefited by this lengthening out of life—whether it does not interfere with their chances, frustrate their ambitions, and only allow them to come into their own when they are wearied with the struggle and beyond the age of enjoyment. If fathers, like kings, would sometimes abdicate, the young generation might have power and pleasure while they were still of an age to feel no satiety in these desirable things.

The Importance of Being Brontë.

The legend which has grown up around the Celtic and tempestuous Brontë sisters, Charlotte and Emily, is becoming fixed, but there is no cessation of books upon the subject of these two powerful writers of the nineteenth century. There is no doubt that the beautiful name of Brontë—which we likewise associate with Lord Nelson—has something to do with this perennial interest for people who read. The latest investigator, Mrs.

Ellis Chadwick, has discovered that their father's name was O'Prunty, a cognomen which would not have added to the romantic lustre which clings about all these famous sisters' doings and sayings. It would be interesting to know to what extent those two masterpieces, "Villette" and "Wuthering Heights," are read by the twentieth-century public. It was Swinburne who, by his impassioned praise of the young Emily, re-made her vogue and fixed her place in English literature. Another ardent worshipper of the younger Brontë girl is Maurice Maeterlinck, who declares that Emily knew by instinct all those intricacies and complexities of human passion which people of duller clay must learn by experience—if they ever do. And then there is the more emotional Charlotte, with her pitiful and tragic story, her baffled love, her hypochondria, and her fatal marriage with an austere and narrow-minded curate. But if the author of "Jane Eyre" had been Charlotte O'Prunty . . . but the imagination refuses to entertain the idea.



NEW MODES FROM PARIS: A GRACEFUL TRIO.

The centre costume is made of black velours-de-laine. The skirt crosses over in the front in a slightly draped effect, and is worn with a little wide short jacket. On the left is a frock of black-and-red tissue, with coloured embroideries at the waist, neck, and cuffs. On the right is a tailor-made blue serge; a velvet waistcoat appears above and below the envelope-shaped coat, which is outlined with s'trunk and fastens at the side with one button.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 11.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMPANIES.

THE recent rise in the quotations for the shares of the various Companies supplying electric current in the Metropolis is fully justified by the intrinsic merits of the securities, and, in our opinion, is unaffected by the possibility of the formation of a large combine. We pointed out a year ago that no such amalgamation was likely to be realised for some long time, and after a great deal of pother. This view is now generally accepted.

All the Companies did very well in 1913, and in no less than five cases the dividend was increased. Among these was the St. James and Pall Mall Company, whose £5 Ordinary shares we have so often recommended in these notes. The final dividend of 7 per cent. brought the total distribution for the year up to 12 per cent. An examination of the dividend record for the last ten years will give a fair idea of the stability of the Company, which serves an excellent district. At the current figure of 10, the shares yield 6 per cent., and although they have advanced from 8½ since the beginning of the year, they still appear an excellent purchase.

Another favourite of ours, the Kensington and Knightsbridge Electric Company, also did very well, although the dividend remains unaltered at 9 per cent. This rate has been paid for the last four years, while the reserve and renewal fund amounts to the respectable total of £122,000. At the present price of 8, the shares offer a return of about 5·5-8 per cent.

The report of the Westminster Supply Company also made a very good impression, and the shares at 9·1-8 are considerably higher than at the beginning of the year.

Turning to the future prospects of the group as a whole, we are as optimistic as ever. The various Boards have succeeded in counteracting the increased cost of coal and labour, and seem likely to have fewer difficulties of this sort during 1914; while the demand for current is likely to expand rapidly during the next few years.

PORT SUNLIGHT.

A great deal has been heard lately of the increased prices for oils and fats, and the keen competition in the soap trade, but the report of Lever Brothers for 1913 gives little indication that this great firm have had any such difficulties to contend with.

The information given in the report, however, is exceedingly meagre, and although we have no reason to doubt the strength of the position, it would be wrong to ignore the fact that a very great deal has to be taken on trust.

The net profit during the past year increased by £200,000, and, after payment of the usual dividends on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary, the Ordinary shares receive the same dividend as a year ago—namely, 15 per cent.

Depreciation and renewals receive £130,100 and reserve appropriation £5400.

Actually, the surplus, after payment of dividends, remains practically unaltered, owing to the fresh issues of capital which now rank for dividends, and if the distributions for the current year are to be at the same rates, it will be necessary for the Company to earn considerably more. Something over £100,000 will be required; but, as the new capital can hardly have been fully remunerative up to the present, we see no reason why even this increase should not be achieved.

The largest part of the new capital created during the last few years has been expended upon the acquisition of interests in going concerns, which goes a long way to explain the rapidity with which such new capital has become productive.

It is generally understood that a large new issue of "C" Preference shares is contemplated before very long, to enable the Company to enter into the Colonial margarine trade. The amount mentioned is £1,000,000, which would require a further £60,000 a year interest; but no definite announcement has yet been made.

RUSSO-ASIATICS.

Your regular readers will be aware that it is my rule in this column to draw their attention only to investments, as distinct from speculations. If I seem to depart from this rule to-day, they will understand that it is because the Company referred to appears to have very unusual and extraordinary prospects of success. At the same time, I would still only recommend these shares to an investor who is prepared to pay for them and put them away, and can afford to disregard any temporary fluctuations. I would advise any reader who is disposed to take an interest in the *Russo-Asiatic Corporation* to obtain from the office of the Company, at 80, Bishopsgate, or elsewhere, a copy of the *Financial Times* of Jan. 15 last, and read therein the full Report of the Chairman's speech at the first annual meeting. It is quite impossible for me to attempt, in the space at my disposal here, to give anything like a summary of the Company's position either as outlined in Mr. Cater Scott's speech or as it has developed since January. I will, however, quote one sentence only from the Chairman's speech, as follows: "The indications so far show a total of 1,550,000 tons of an average value of at least £10 per ton, excluding the gold ore." In other words, in the short distance so far developed in the Ridder Mine, the estimated value in sight, apart from the gold ore, amounted in January to £15,500,000. All the bore-hole tests and assays cabled since the meeting go to confirm these figures, and also indicate that

the ore-body will extend much farther than has been so far proved. This is not all, however: the developments have disclosed an enormous body of "hornstone" on the footwall of the ore-body which is gold-bearing and yields a very good recovery by cyanide process. In the "A" bore a width of 122 feet of this gold ore was discovered, of an average value of 44s. per ton, and every extension of 100 feet in either direction from the bore-hole represents a probable tonnage of 370,000 tons above the level of the bore-hole, and below the present bottom level of the mine. I think the above figures will give some idea of the potentialities of the Ridder Mine, which is, of course, only one of the properties of the Russo-Asiatic Corporation. It is the habit of the financial papers to refer to the "Russian Mining Gamble," and other phrases of that sort appear; but I can only say that this is not the opinion held generally in the City by those, at any rate, who have gone into the position of the Russo-Asiatic Company. The Chairman of the Company is a director of the London County and Westminster Bank, and the officials of the Company, if they are enthusiastic, are firm believers in the great future in store for their properties. The capital of the Company is only £300,000: if the shares stood at £20, this would represent a capitalisation of £6,000,000. I am far from saying that such a figure is immediately justified; but, on the other hand, if the developments at the Ridder Mine continue satisfactory, it is by no means impossible that this mine alone will in time be worth more than that.

ODDS AND ENDS.

At the end of March last year, the shares of the Employers' Liability Assurance Company stood at 13½. We then ventured to suggest that the shareholders would probably receive 15s. per share for the year. The announcement last week of a final distribution of 11s. brings the year's total up to 16s., and the shares are now quoted at 16.

Many investors in England are interested in the 4½ per cent. First and General Mortgage Bonds of the New York Telephone Company, and a very excellent investment they are. At just over par, the Bonds are about 2 points higher than at this time last year. The report of the Company for last year reveals a further expansion in both gross and net earnings, and, in spite of increased interest charges, the balance carried to surplus and reserve is 50,500 dollars higher at 5,543,000 dollars.

The long-expected increase of capital by the Niger Company is now announced, and seems fairly comprehensive. As long as the shareholders realise that the capitalisation of the reserve fund is practically the same thing as dividing their old shares into Preferred Deferred, we have nothing to say against the scheme. The £300,000 which the Board propose to raise at once will be used largely to establish fresh trading stations, and possibly, we understand, to experiment in certain branches of agriculture.

The report of South Crofty was rather disappointing, but we see no reason to take a pessimistic view. The profits, after allowing for depreciation, amounted to £18,880, against £25,000 for 1912. The distribution of 1s. bonus (which might easily have been 1s. 6d.) brought the total for the year up to 7s. The price has been put down to about 2, but there has been evidence of "good" buying at the decline.

Saturday, Feb. 28, 1914.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNKNOWN (Kimberley).—Many thanks for the cutting, but we were never under any delusion as to the Company's prospects—the advertisement slipped in by mistake.

A. C. M. (Nice).—We have replied through the post.

D. McM. (Weston).—We suggest Renong Tin Dredging or North Caucasian Oil.

VERSOM.—Thanks again. "We likewise bows!"

"NUT."—You have such a heavy loss that we think you had better see it through. The immediate outlook in the country is not very bright, so you may see lower prices; but we believe the Company will get through all right in the end.

E. A.—We expect the returns to improve soon, and think you can continue to hold the stock.

XVII. (India).—We have forwarded your letter.

H. R. P.—Most difficult to advise, but on the whole, we think you should join the scheme. If we can get any further information we will reply again next week.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Coral Queen. Her Majesty is, we know, a lover of colour; seldom has she looked handsomer than when dressed, as last week at the Palace Theatre, in a deep, soft, dull coral-red. I have seen it described as rose-colour; but the red roses in the bouquet on the ledge of the box were a contrast to, and not a harmony with, it. The shade was so warm and subdued that it showed up the beauty of the Queen's velvety-white skin and the delicacy of her colouring. It suited her far better than the pale hues she so often wears, although at night these are very becoming, too. A charming and a smart hat was worn, and our Queen was quite whole-heartedly and greatly admired by an exceptionally large audience. We English folk take a great pride in our Queens, and we feel as happy as we hope they do when they are in their best looks!

When the Wind It is neither good for man nor beast, runs the old saw. It is very bad for somebody much more important than either of the above-mentioned, and that is lovely woman. The drying, shrivelling influence of that wicked wind, whose advent is due now, can only be counteracted by great care. The incomparable Mrs. Hemming should be consulted, and the wonderful Cyclax



A MAID OF HONOUR TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA : THE HON. VIOLET VIVIAN.

The Hon. Violet Vivian is the eldest of Lord Vivian's three sisters, and a twin with the Hon. Lady Haig, wife of Sir Douglas Haig. She became a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra in 1901. It was stated recently that Queen Mary would shortly require two new Maids of Honour, as the Hon. Katharine Villiers has gone to Canada with the Duchess of Connaught, and the Hon. Mabel Gye is in ill health.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



DISTINGUISHED BRITISH VISITORS ON THE RIVIERA: LADY HERBERT, WITH MISS FÉLICITÉ TREE, AT CANNES.

Miss Félicité Tree is the youngest of the three daughters of Sir Herbert Tree and Lady Tree. Her eldest sister, Viola, married, in 1912, Mr. A. L. R. Parsons. Her second sister is Miss Iris Tree.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

remedies and preventives be employed. The use of Blended Lotion before going out, and of the "O" Special Skin Food on coming in will remove every trace of east winds, and leave the skin satiny, soft, and delightfully comfortable. Then, for the lips, use Labial, which prevents chapping or drying, and leaves these features the pretty soft and rosy things they ought to be. There are two other things of which I have to tell my readers, bent on fulfilling every woman's duty and making the very best of themselves. One is the Cyclax Muscle Lotion, which is so efficient in toning-up lax muscles and keeping the contour as it ought to be. The other is the dainty throat-bandage to be worn at night. It is of silk, lined with oil-silk, and is easily adjustable. It forces the skin food into the skin, and this ensures the lovely neck which is so attractive a thing in woman! The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, with Mrs. Hemming at its head, bids defiance to the elements, and to Time itself to spoil the good looks of a woman. They also, incidentally, bestow good looks where the fairy godmother has not been in lavish mood.

Our Walks Are delight-
Abroad fully interest-
ing when our
feet are not only comfortable

but when we are also conscious that they are looking their neatest and their nicest. An exceptional sale, therefore, at the London Shoe Company's fine premises, 21-22, Sloane Street, S.W., is something to patronise. It began on Monday. All the sales of this Company are known for the opportunities they afford of acquiring the newest, most stylish, and most satisfactory of foot-wear at moderate prices. This sale is outdoing all its predecessors in attractiveness. The Sloane Street Store is so large, and the accommodation so splendid, that it makes buying there a pleasure. The boots and shoes being sold are up to the hour in style, and the quality we all know to be the best, while the prices are surprisingly low!

Our Sins. The penitential

season affects us all differently; some there are—smart ladies, too—renowned for good looks and beautiful dressing, who are in retreat and under discipline—no light form of it, either. Nor are all these ladies members of the Roman Catholic community; many are Anglicans. Tasks are performed which are usually apportioned to menials, and food is restricted and simple.

ON HIS HONEYMOON, DURING WHICH HE BROKE HIS ARM: SIR JOHN BELL AND LADY BELL AT CANNES.

Sir John C. Bell, Bt., who is an ex-Lord Mayor of London, recently married, as his second wife, Miss Ellen James. During their honeymoon, which was spent abroad, Sir John broke his arm by falling in a hotel.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Others pursue their ordinary life, going to church on Ember days and Sundays. Fasting as a penance may be said to be superseded by fasting as a fashion. Now that slimness is a necessary attribute to the clothes of the hour, appetite must be denied, and set aside, and mortified, for the purpose of one's being in the picture. A way of keeping Lent that is useful and frequently employed is to go without something of which one is very fond, and give what it would have cost to someone who really wants it. To my mind, that combines discipline and unselfishness, and does a wee bit of good, too. It is well that modern Christianity is broad-minded, because modern character differs so vastly, and everything done for conscience' sake is good. We are all very fond of talking of prevailing irreligion and carelessness, but we talkers know very little of the progress of the work of social reform, as carried out by men and women of the well-off classes. It is necessarily slow; it would be ineffective, and insincere, were it advertised; but it is being steadily, consistently, and well done, and those doing it are they who best keep Lent: only with them it is a continual season. Anyone who desires to do such work will find it quite easy to get employment.



TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY LAMBTON: MISS DOROTHY LEYLAND.

Miss Leyland is the eldest daughter of Mr. Christopher J. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland. Mr. Geoffrey Lambton, who is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, is the second son of the Hon. F. W. Lambton, of Fenton, Wooler, Northumberland, formerly M.P. for Durham, and brother of the Earl of Durham and of Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux.

Mr. Geoffrey Lambton was born in 1887.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

MUSIC.

THE revival of "Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden is the more interesting because it shows how completely our Opera House has entered into the spirit of Wagner's work. With a company comparatively new to the work, and a conductor who had never before directed the "Meistersinger" in this country, the opera went almost without a hitch. Even the eleventh-hour substitution for a greatly experienced Hans Sachs of one whose experience of the part is not nearly as great did nothing to check the easy flow of the performance. Covent Garden has acquired a Wagner tradition, and newcomers fall into line without apparent difficulty. Herr Robert Hutt, the new Walther, is a pleasing tenor who has learned that much must be saved for the last act if the Prize Song is to have full effect; Miss Claire Dux is an attractive Eva; and the other parts are filled capably, if not altogether with distinction. The popularity of the opera was evidenced by a very large attendance—perhaps renewed acquaintance with "Parsifal" has made some perfect Wagnerites incline towards the works of the master that have a fresher melodic beauty. With "Die Meistersinger," the promise of the winter season is complete, and there is ample reason to believe that the public response has been entirely satisfactory. Good houses have been the rule rather than the exception; while for the "Parsifal" performances it has been well-nigh impossible to get a seat.

It is announced that the Grand Opera Season will open in the third week of April, and that Melba and Caruso will be among the stars. Mesdames Edvina and Destinn are other favourite singers re-engaged; Sammarco and Scotti are coming back; and it is pleasant to see that Signor Cleofante Campanini again finds his well-earned place amongst the conductors. At the time of writing the programme has not been published; there is some talk about an arrangement with the Astruc Opera House in Paris, by which the scope of Covent Garden's programme will be enlarged. It is said that Charpentier's "Julien" will be among the novelties. This opera, a sequel to "Louise," found favour in Paris last summer. We are justified in looking for certain developments, for it is clear that the challenge of Drury Lane with its considerable summer season of Russian opera and ballet is to be renewed. Covent Garden will get about a month's start, and the competition from Drury Lane will begin about the end of the third week in May. All the operas that created a furore last summer are to be repeated, and there will be several others—Borodin, Stravinsky, Moussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff are becoming quite familiar names.

HARROD'S STORES, LTD.

THE twenty-fourth annual general meeting of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., was held last week under the presidency of Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bt., Chairman of the Company. Sir Alfred began his speech by saying that few, if any, trading concerns present to their shareholders accounts as perfect and as detailed as those issued by Harrod's, and continued by commenting upon and explaining certain items of the working expenses, pointing out, for instance, that national health and unemployment insurance stood for the year under notice at £4030, £1690 more than last year. In all, he said, the increase in expenses—a perfectly legitimate increase accompanying a growing business—was £31,784. As to the credit side, the gross profits were £892,898—that is to say, £54,370 more than last year. The net profit for the year was £295,181—that is, a £26,057 increase. There was an addition of 100,000 shares to the Ordinary share capital, which now stands at £600,000. The reserve fund had been strengthened by the premium on the issue of those shares, less the expenses of issue—by £317,435. Sir Alfred then turned to note that under the heading of investments and securities appeared a new item—54,000 Deferred shares of 1s. each of Harrod's (Buenos Aires), Ltd., fully paid and taken into the accounts at the nominal price paid for them of 1s. per share. Proceeding to discuss the division of the profit, he said, in the course of a clear statement, that the proportion of profit for the Ordinary shares was £99,981, to which was added the amount brought forward from last year's account, £17,014, and an amount from the Founders' Company of £10,000. "This year," he said, "the dividend on the Ordinary shares is 26 per cent., compared with 29 per cent. last year, which is a reduction of 3 per cent. Well, it is the future we look to, although the importation of this extra capital has not enabled us to make the same return as we did last year. It is pretty certain, at least in our minds, that the future will amply compensate you for some little reduction in your dividend this year." The motion adopting the report and accounts and that the dividend therein recommended should be paid was carried unanimously. Subsequently, Mr. Richard Burbidge, the managing director of the Company, said: "I am certain that we shall do extremely well in Buenos Aires. It will be as big a branch eventually as ours in London, and then why should not these Deferred shares that we are now haggling about be something like the Founders' shares that some of you gentlemen begrudge to their holders? What will those 54,000 Deferred shares which this Company holds be worth? I think there is a wonderful future before us in Buenos Aires."

Ballet is again to be a prominent feature, and several new works, including one by Dr. Richard Strauss, are down for performance. Chaliapine is coming to sing at Drury Lane, but Nijinsky will not be found among the dancers: he is drawing his admirers to a house that was built for grand opera, but could not realise the high destiny. It is to be hoped that if there is to be competition in the world of grand opera, it will be regular and not spasmodic. To give Russian opera regularly is good, for the whole method of production is superior to our own; and once the question of permanent rivalry is fixed, Covent Garden may be trusted to make a good fight for its own. On the other hand, chance seasons that call for special efforts, and are run regardless of profit or loss, lead to little more than a waste of money. There should be in London during the summer months an audience sufficiently large to fill two opera-houses quite easily. Unfortunately, opera-goers are among the most unreliable art-patrons in these islands. Their fads and fancies obey no known laws, and render the work of any impresario altogether experimental.

We still hear rumours of an entirely new opera-house built on the most modern lines, financed by people with unlimited resources, and designed to give first-class performances at second-class prices. Such rumours are never far to seek. We can remember how the late Colonel Mapleson—a hard, if unfortunate, worker, and an extremely good judge of music—always had a project of the kind on hand; he had experience, judgment, and taste; he had made and lost fortunes in the pursuit of grand opera at home and abroad; but the big scheme that was to have revolutionised our methods and our views never came off. It is at least likely that the latest plan of which gossip takes note will remain in the unfinished stage for a long time to come. To run opera unsuccessfully may spell a loss of five thousand pounds a week; to be successful, it is necessary to gather singers from all points of the compass, to produce operas the public wishes to hear, and to persuade the public to come and listen. The all-round excellence of a performance counts for very little; the public in London is not sufficiently interested. Give an uncommon voice, engage a very popular favourite, and all may be well; but in that case the favourite will probably draw the lion's share of profits.

The creation in London of a popular taste in opera is extremely difficult. Prices are one of the first obstacles. Neither at Covent Garden nor Drury Lane are the lower-priced seats calculated to appeal to those who love a modicum of ease. The hours at which grand opera ends are late for the dwellers beyond the four-mile radius. In short, the problem of popularising grand opera remains unsolved, though not, perhaps, insoluble.

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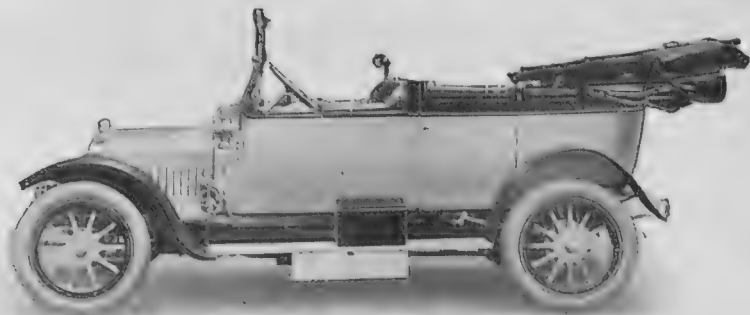
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Good Shampoo Important.

The hair should be allowed to breathe, and the greasy film around each strand must be removed with a mild, non-alkaline shampoo. Soaps should be tabooed. The very best solution for the purpose can be made by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. It stimulates the scalp to healthy action, and at the same time leaves the hair in that soft, fluffy condition so much admired. Any chemist can supply you with an original packet of stallax sufficient to make twenty-five or thirty shampoos.

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Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercerised wax at the chemist's, and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercerised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

For Dry, Irritating and Dandruffy Scalps.

Nothing can compare with the following recipe for the above condition, and until you have rectified any trouble in this direction it is useless to expect the hair to grow healthy and vigorous. Mix a package of boranium with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of bay rum, shake the bottle well and allow to stand for 30 minutes, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cold water and strain. This simple home remedy will stimulate the hair roots to their normal functions, resulting in a beautiful growth of new hair.

Rouge Not Necessary.

If you must add a little colour to the cheeks, please do not use rouge; it is always so painfully obvious, that women of refinement have now discarded it for ever. There is a little-known substance called collindium obtainable at most chemist's, which can be used in its place. It gives a perfectly natural tint and defies the closest scrutiny, besides having the undoubted advantage of not rubbing off.

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A persistently shiny nose, or a dull, lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. Get from your chemist about an ounce of clemite, and add sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection.

Miscellaneous Hints.

For lips inclined to be rough or harsh use a soft stick of proclactum.

An ideal complexion soap is one called pilita. It contains no free alkali and is as near neutrality as science can make it.

To make the eyelashes grow long, dark, and curling, massage them gently with mennaline. It is quite a harmless substance, and will not injure the eyes.

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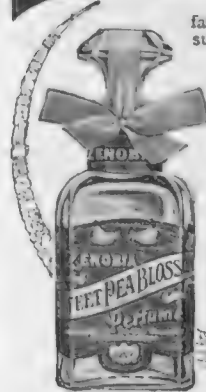
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE JOY-RIDE LADY" is the rather lumbering title of a French farce transported to Germany and then forwarded to England. It has a book in which both the Gallic and Teutonic influences are traceable, and, on the first night at least, was slightly overweighted by dialogue possessing a certain amount of easy wit which yet becomes a trifle tiresome. Mixed up with the dry French farcical treatment of a gallant adventure is a German note of sentiment which Miss Thelma Raye, as leading lady, adopts somewhat too conscientiously—trying, indeed, to stir our emotions about the sorrows of a saucy young widow named Fifi. The work has a great deal of plot connected with the love-affairs of the male characters, and it may be suggested that the management should offer prizes to any member of the audience, not being a professional dramatic critic, who can give a coherent account of the tale. The music is a little weak in humour, but there are some swinging waltzes and a couple of numbers quite likely to reach the dignity of becoming popular public nuisances. Miss Sybil Arundale played with spirit as a boisterous Hungarian lady, and looked handsome despite unbecoming costumes. Miss Aida Jenoure acted quite cleverly as an amorous widow, but has too little to do; and, *mutatis mutandis*, about the same can be said of Mr. Rutland Barrington, who represents an elderly bachelor. Moreover, the cast includes Miss Julia James, with an elaborate dance; and Mr. Bertram Wallis, whom the ladies love; and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, rather funny at times. The costumes are wonderful, and the audience seemed well pleased.

Mr. Cyril Harcourt's new play, called "A Pair of Silk Stockings," amused the Criterion audience, and in some respects revived memories of the time when "Pink Dominoes" drew all the town to the little theatre—of the days when, in fact, Sir Charles Wyndham was winning fortune and fame by the production of farces which shocked the virtuous. The present play is not exactly brilliant, though the dialogue is full of jokes—some of them quite clever—that win a laugh even if they seem artificial. Moreover, Mr. Harcourt, though hardly showing the constructive skill of the old masters of the well-made play, is adroit enough to present effective situations in treating the story of the lady who divorced the husband whom she loved, and had some curious episodes concerning him and another sweetheart late at night in her bedroom. The author seems to cast in his lot with the drama that is dying, and trust for success to sheer cleverness of execution. Judging by the reception, his policy is sound. An unusually "fat" part is given

to Miss Lottie Venne as a somewhat malevolent county lady, and she plays it *con amore* to the joy of the audience. Mr. Allan Aynesworth is not very well served. Mr. Sam Sothorn has a rich opportunity, and exhibits considerable skill in his well-known way. Miss Marie Hemingway is quite charming as the *ingénue*; Miss Enid Bell takes the part of the owner of the silk stockings a little too heavily.

In "The Land of Promise" Mr. Maugham seems to revel in creating difficulties for himself. A timid writer, anxious to render plausible the love scene in the last act, would have made his Norah less of a vixen and Frank not half such a brute; and then perhaps we should have believed the story. In order to render belief certain, he would have shown that she was expecting a baby. Mr. Maugham, proud of his strength, will have none of these aids, so some will believe and some will revolt against the last act. The believers will mostly be men. Although the proportion diminishes, the number of us males who consider marriage a matter of knocking down a woman, dragging her to the cave and making her work, adding her to the small collection of chattels, is very great. The queer thing is that not a few women accept this view, and they will admire Mr. Maugham's last act; but I fancy we shall also hear screams of wrath. Up to the end of the third act, "The Land of Promise" is Mr. Maugham at his best. I do not think he has ever written anything better than the first, with its quiet, fine comedy. The second is a very clever piece of lively, well-coloured drama. The third effective, if rather long-drawn and a little full-blooded. No wonder the audience was enthusiastic. Miss Irene Vanbrugh acted superbly, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle played up very well to her. A very able performance is given by Miss Marion Ashworth as a Canadian vixen; Miss Netta Westcott and Miss Lena Halliday presented admirable studies of comedy in the first act.

"Thank Your Ladyship" died very quickly, but did not catch Miss Marie Tempest napping, for she promptly revived her husband's play, "The Marriage of Kitty," which, it may be guessed, is kept in stock as the sort of emergency play which all prudent managers keep on hand. "Kitty" is now almost twelve years old, and perhaps shows a few signs of the passage of time—in fact, before the next revival (which, of course, we all hope is a long way off) she will have to go to one of those beauty specialists who remove all evidences of age and make people "better as new." However, the beauty specialist is not needed for Miss Tempest's work in the part of Kitty, which she plays with triumphant skill, and she has the advantage of being supported by a competent company.

"The Little English Theatre" is the name which Mr. Philip Carr gives to the enterprise in Paris which corresponds to his

(Continued overleaf.)



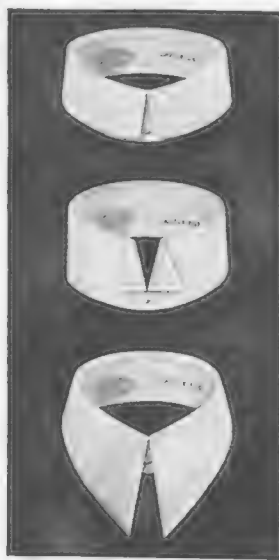
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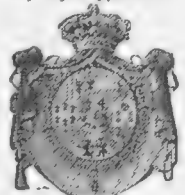
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Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

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(Patented.)

AFTER THE COLOURED WIG, HUMAN HAIR FOR THE HAIR!



HEAD-ORNAMENTS MADE OF REAL HAIR: THE LATEST DECORATION FOR LADIES IN EVENING-DRESS.

We have had, on the stage and at fancy-dress balls at all events, the brightly coloured wig; there is an idea that poudré hair will be the next fashion; and, meantime here we have ornaments for the head which are fashioned of real human hair. The lady shown wearing two examples of this new form of head-dress is Mlle. Granville the charming French actress.

Photographs by Talbot

THE MANY-ROOMED, MUCH-DISCUSSED GROTTO SALON AT



1. LADIES AND GOWNS FROM "THE JOY-RIDE LADY": BEAUTIES OF THE NEW THEATRE

2. MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS EDOUARD MORNY,
A YOUNG FRENCH BANKER.

3. THE GROTTO SALON AT THE WIDOWS' CLUB:

"The Joy-Ride Lady," now running at the New Theatre, has been discussed for two reasons in particular—for the very modern frocks worn by the ladies, and for that scene which is called "The Grotto Salon at the Widows' Club," and has as a feature some eight or nine reserved rooms. The play, by the way, comes from both France and Germany. It is founded on a farce by MM. Georges Berr and Pierre Decourcelle; while the English version, by Messrs. Arthur Anderson

THE WIDOWS' CLUB; AND A BEVY OF "JOY-RIDE" LADIES.



IN THEIR STARTLING FROCKS—INCLUDING ONE WEARING A SINGLE WHITE SPAT!
AN AFFAIR OF MANY RESERVED ROOMS.

4. MISS JULIA JAMES AS FLEURETTE, SECRETARY OF THE WIDOWS' CLUB.

and Hartley Carrick, is from the German, "Das Autoliebchen," of Messrs. Jean Kren and Alfred Schönfeld. The music is by M. Jean Gilbert, who also, it will be remembered, composed that for "The Girl in the Taxi." A Joy-Ride Lady, by the way, judging from the play, may be defined as 'one who involuntarily takes a ride in a taxi after a fancy-dress ball, with an unknown swain.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

ANOTHER BEDROOM SCENE: AN ACT OF "A PAIR



1. MOLLY UNDER THE CARE OF LADY PENELOPE: MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY PENELOPE GOWER, AND MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL IN THE BEDROOM, VACATED BY MAJOR BAGNALL, IN WHICH IT IS ARRANGED MOLLY SHALL SLEEP.

2. SAFELY IN BED: MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL.
3. MAJOR BAGNALL FINDS HIMSELF IN MOLLY'S BEDROOM, AFTER ENTERING BY THE WINDOW, BELIEVING THE ROOM VACANT: MISS ENID BELL, AND MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS MAJOR BAGNALL.

When "A Pair of Silk Stockings" opens, Sam Thornhill is an injured and divorced husband, and Molly Thornhill is the wife who has discarded him and is now living at her grandmother's. Sam is staying with Sir John Gower, and to this house comes Molly, feigning an accident to her car that she may see her husband again. Of the house-party are Major Bagnall and his fiancée, Pamela Bristowe. The Major leaves as Molly arrives. In due time, Molly is put to bed in the room left vacant by the Major, in a cupboard of which her husband, Sam, has hidden that he may force his wife to listen to his explanations. Molly alone and in bed, Sam comes out, but withdraws hastily as he sees a man at the window. This turns

OF SILK STOCKINGS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

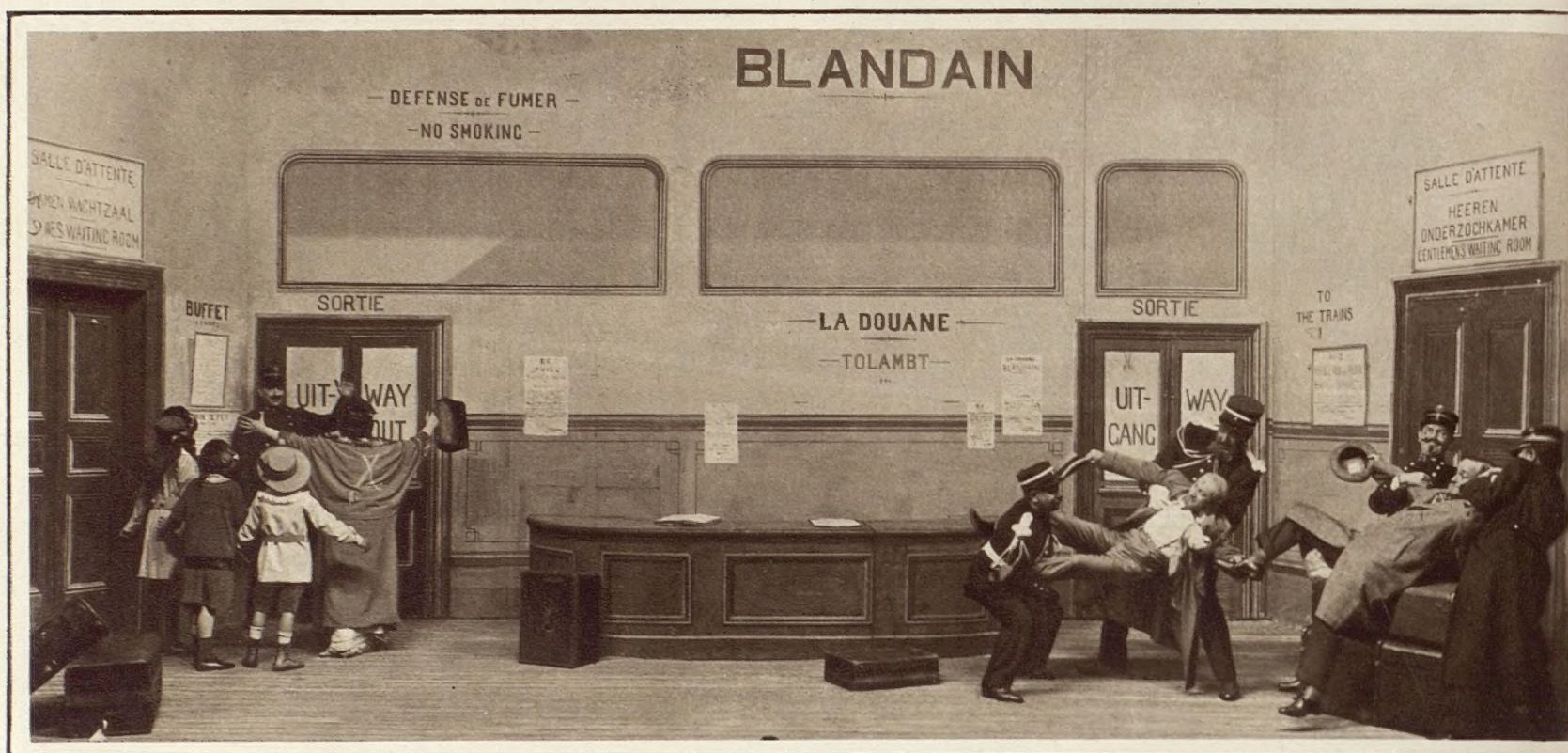


4. "I WONDER WHAT THERE IS ABOUT SILK THAT MAKES IT SEEM SO IMMORAL?" MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL AND MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY PENELOPE GOWER.

5. THOUGHTS OF SAM: MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL.
6. MOLLY AGREES THAT HER SHOES ARE NOT BAD: MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL, AND MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY PENELOPE GOWER, IN THE BEDROOM SCENE.

out to be the Major, who has missed his train, and, coming back late, has discovered a ladder by which he is able to enter what he believes to be his empty room. Molly permits him a cigarette and a chat; memories are aroused; and the Major avows his love and takes a kiss. At this moment, Sam (who, we should have said, is disguised as Eccles for a private performance of "Caste") is discovered; is taken for a burglar; is gagged; and has his arms fastened with the bell-rope and his feet with Molly's silk stockings. Out of this situation arise various complications; but in the end both Sam and Molly and the Major and Pamela are reconciled.—[Photographs by Wraether and Buys]

THE FIRST REVUSICAL COMEDY: SOME NOVEL SCENES



IN THE CUSTOMS HOUSE ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER: MR. AND MRS. PITT OBJECT TO THEIR BELONGINGS BEING SEARCHED.



IN BERLIN: SERENADING THE REVUE GIRLS OF THE SUMMER GARDEN MUSIC-HALL.

The Girl is pursued from Paris to Amsterdam, Budapest, and Berlin. In the first of these photographs the chief figures, from left to right, are those of Mlle. Caumont as Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Lew Hearn as Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Clifton Crawford as Freddy Charlston. In the second are Mr. Clifton Crawford, Mr. William Stephens (half in the water) as Bill Dabsley, Mlle. Caumont, Mme. Bonita as Bijou, and Mr. Lew Hearn. In the fourth are Mr. Lew Hearn, Mr. Clifton Crawford, Miss Isobel Elsom as

FROM "AFTER THE GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.



BUDAPEST—FACING THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE: VARIOUS PEOPLE "AFTER THE GIRL" GET A DUCKING IN THE DANUBE.



IN BERLIN: MR. PITT IS HOISTED UP IN A PAINTER'S CRADLE IN SEARCH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

s, and Miss Mabel Sealby as Emma. In further explanation of this episode, it may be noted that by this time Doris Pitt has become a music-hall star. Mr. Pitt to gain admittance by way of the stage-door while in search of his daughter, but is forbidden entry; so he is hoisted up to her room in a painter's cradle. Meanwhile, Freddy Charlston goes off again with Doris.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

PEOPLE NEW AT THE GAIETY: "AFTER THE GIRL" CHARACTERS.



1. MR. WILLIAM STEPHENS AS BILL DABSLEY.

2. MR. CLIFTON CRAWFORD AS FREDDY CHARLSTON.

3. MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AS DORIS, AND MR. CLIFTON CRAWFORD AS FREDDY CHARLSTON.

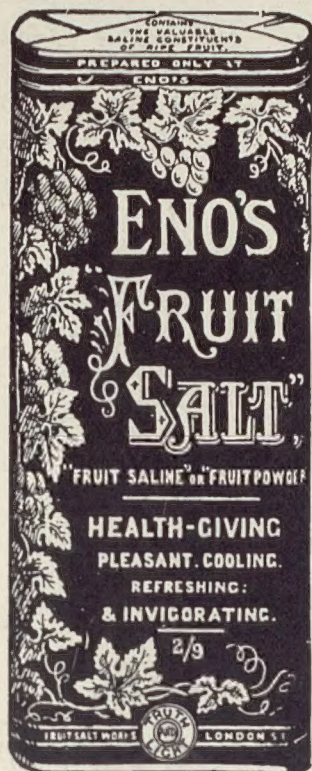
4. Mlle. CAUMONT AS MRS. PITT, AND MR. LEW HEARN AS MR. PITT.

"After the Girl," the "revusical comedy" at the Gaiety, presents a number of people new to that theatre, including notably the new leading lady, Miss Isobel Elsom; Mlle. Caumont, who will be remembered at the Adelphi; Mme. Bonita, from the London Hippodrome; Mr. William Stephens; Mr. Clifton Crawford, from the United States; and Mr. Lew Hearn, from the London Hippodrome; this to say nothing of

Mr. R. W. Cecil, who is the eldest son of the Rev. Lord William Cecil, brother of the Marquess of Salisbury, and is playing the small part of the Hon. Eddie Stone, a Nut, or perhaps we ought to say, in so aristocratic a connection, and under the tutelage of Mr. George Grossmith, a Blood. In the second photograph Freddy Charlston is feeding, not at all forcibly, his servant, Bill Dabsley, who is shut in the post-box.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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